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ENCOUNTER

AUGUST 1956 VOL. VII, No. 2

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* IRVING KRISTOL

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This Month's *ENCOUNTER*:—

1985?

IT USED to be said (by Europeans of course) that when ideas grew old they went to America to be born again. Now it seems they go East. Just when the West had become utterly bored with anti-Communist propaganda; just when the feeling was widespread that even truth grows stale when it is uttered too often; just when everyone was resigning himself to the fact that there was no sense in banging one's head against a stone wall, that we had to co-exist with Communist totalitarianism and might as well make the best of it; just when references to the Moscow trials and slave labour camps and suppression of intellectual freedom were becoming distinctly *vieux jeux*—at that very point the whole business started echoing back at us from behind the Iron Curtain. No sooner did Mr. Arthur Koestler decide (understandably enough) that Cassandra had grown hoarse than Mr. Howard Fast miraculously found his voice. There we were, grudgingly reconciled to Big Brother and 1984, and without warning *they* showed signs of experiencing a new year.

It is all very exciting. But, oddly enough, the free world has refused to get excited. The almost automatic reaction, it would seem, is to raise a warning finger, put on a long face (if one isn't wearing it already), and explain with solemn gravity that we should not indulge in wishful thinking. The Communist rulers are still Communist; their régimes are still oppressive to their subjects and inimical to us; there have been previous "thaws" followed by extreme frost; the present relaxation might even, in the long run, make Communism more dangerous because less self-destructive; and so on and so forth. It is a useful sermon and true; and the revolt in Poznan has demonstrated how risky it is for a totalitarian régime to experiment with liberalisation—it is far easier to suppress people than to manipulate them. As we write this, it is not yet clear whether the process of dismantling Stalinist orthodoxy will be terminated or postponed or unaffected. But, whatever happens now, a return to the *status quo ante* is excluded as a possibility, and we ought not to underestimate the significance of what has already taken place. A myth has been destroyed; and with it a faith, and a nightmare. Terror is now simply terror—nothing more, nothing "higher." Whatever now happens in the Communist world will be events in a profane, not a sacred history; and we shall be spared that *mysterium tremendum* which Communism has hitherto excited in both its opponents and adherents.

Above all, concern for the future ought not to distract us from realising that this demythologisation, and its inevitable if still inscrutable consequences, is what we *wanted* to happen; and that this, moreover, is what we should have expected to happen, had we real confidence in our own ideals and ideas. Confidence, however, is not something that the free world has shown any surplus of in recent years. We preferred the pathos of a languid *Weltschmerz*, imagining ourselves with indecent foresight as the righteous and defeated. Now a new voice has disturbed our reverie:

> *Take them off me, these rags of dogma,*
> *give me a simple overcoat.*

So wrote the Polish poet, Adam Wazyk, on April 8th of this year. That simple overcoat, of course, is our everyday dress; we had lost the habit of regarding it with any special favour; and we are bound to feel uncomfortable and slightly ashamed when the dispossessed show how highly they prize it, and therefore how niggardly was our own appreciation of it. Possibly we too shall be affected by what is happening in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and even Russia. We think it revealing that two of our contributors to this issue, Miss Beloff and Mr. Jelenski, the one writing about Russia and the other about Poland, and each writing independently of the other, should conclude their articles by questioning the pessimistic vision that found expression in *1984* and *Darkness at Noon*.

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WHAT is particularly interesting about the developments in Eastern Europe is the rôle that the intellectuals have played. The tumult and agitation there doubtless has deep causes and reflects a general discontent. But in all of these countries, to one extent or another, what we have been witnessing is a revolt of the intellectuals against the totalitarian system. Somehow, one didn't expect it. They were, after all, a highly privileged class, with a standard of luxury and a social status that many in the West found reason to envy. They were, presumably, converts to the New Faith, supple in accommodating themselves to the latest turn of doctrine, the most recent nuance of dogma. They were busy, self-confident, bold, and rather frightening, these New Soviet Men. And then, suddenly, there were none.

What happened? What happened was that one of our clichés took on body and life. That free human spirit, whose praises we in the West dutifully mumbled, and whose inextinguishability we mechanically proclaimed, has in fact turned out to be something precious and inextinguishable. Our own fundamental values are being rediscovered for us, with a fear and trembling that recovers them from the conventional and academic and makes them once again real and vital.

I am not worthy of praise,
Believe me, my friend, it chills my bones
When you praise my courage.

I am not a tiger; I am a human being,
My worn heart is a nest of fears,
Believe me: I am scared. I am scared.

(Zoltan Zelk in *Iroldalmi Ujsàg* [Hungary] May 5th, 1956)

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM H. WHYTE, Jr. is Assistant Managing Editor of *Fortune* magazine in New York. His article represents a revised version of two chapters from a forthcoming book, *The Organisation Man*, to be published shortly in New York by Simon & Schuster. . . . PATRICIA HUTCHINS' new book on James Joyce, *James Joyce's World*, is being published by Methuen at the end of the year. . . . K. A. JELENSKI, of Polish origin and now living in Paris, has contributed art and literary criticism to many French reviews. . . . NORA BELOFF is Paris correspondent for the *Observer*. . . . SEYMOUR M. LIPSET is Associate Professor of Sociology at Columbia University in New York. . . . C. A. R. CROSLAND was Member of Parliament (Labour) for Gloucestershire South, 1950–5. His article, ". . . About Equality," is the second of a three-part series which we are publishing. . . .

SEVERAL readers have written to us, calling attention to the fact that the quotation from Manuilsky, which appeared in Frank Moraes' contribution last month, is of spurious origin. This particular quotation has been widely used in the press, and Mr. Moraes can scarcely be blamed for assuming its authenticity. No one seems to be quite sure just when and where it first made its appearance; and it appears that Soviet scholars have not been able to prevent its widespread circulation. Perhaps this little note will contribute to that end.

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The Frontiers of Literature

Under this title *The Times Literary Supplement* will publish a special Summer Number on August 17. The object is to pick up an old idea of George Moore's (and others) to the effect that such a thing as "pure" literature exists. It is proposed to apply this idea to a wide variety of subjects like history, biography and politics (including, of course, fiction and poetry) and to discover whether some writers have made a special mark on their subject simply because they write well, while other and perhaps wiser writers have passed unperceived from lack of skill.

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William H. Whyte, Jr.

Beware of Your Personality

A Report on the Tests of Conformity

ONE of the more interesting experiences in American life today is the taking of "personality tests." On the surface the business seems simple enough; on a standard test blank you simply answer a lot of questions which, while extremely personal or odd or apparently foolish, take little time or thought on your part, for you are given a set of prefabricated answers to choose from. What psychologists make of your choices, however, is quite awesome; what with norms of one kind or another, percentile ratings, correlation coefficients and such, the tests can be automatically processed to tell all sorts of things about you. Most importantly, they tell—to the decimal point—how well you are likely to fit in with "the group," and for this reason they have become very popular in big organisations as a screening device. Almost every kind of organisation—from high schools to colleges to big corporations—use them; indeed, testing has now become so widespread that it is almost impossible these days for a white-collar American to come of age without having taken a battery of tests.

In regular use are tests which purport to tell a man's degree of his practical judgment, his social judgment, the amount of perseverance he has, his stability, his contentment index, his hostility to society, his personal sexual attitudes—and now some psychologists are tinkering with a test of a sense of humour. More elaborate yet are the projective techniques; with such devices as the Rorschach Inkblot Test and the Thematic Apperception Test the subject is asked to spin a story, thereby X-raying himself for latent feelings and psychoses.

Pondering these inquisitions into the psyche, one's first instinct is to see them as a harbinger of 1984. It is not in this respect, however, that they are significant. This would be praising them too much. Appalling, yes, but they should not be damned as instruments of the devil. They are not that effective. We are still a resourceful people, and very much in the same fashion that the American has developed a considerable insulation against advertising appeals, so he has become rather skilful in answering personality tests.

It is in another respect that the tests are significant. They unite two powerful currents in modern thought. Technically, the tests are the ultimate expression of scientism—that is, the old positivist dream that all the affairs of man are susceptible to solution by the rigid application of "scientific method." Ideologically, they express the contemporary yearning to believe that society's values and the individual's are now completely compatible—or,

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at least, can be made that way. Those who give the tests (and many of those who take them) try to believe that the purpose of the tests is primarily to help the individual. Analyse the denominators that run through the tests, however, and it is clear that the values that are enshrined are those of society; more particularly, those of the big organisation. Ordinarily, the demands that organisations make upon the individual's independence are so clouded in mystique that the fact that demands are being made is somewhat obscure; in the personality tests the demands are (to borrow a word from modern management) concretised.

THE testing of personality has been a fairly recent development. Spiritually, it is not descended so much from the "scientific management" movement of the twenties but rather from the later, and presumably more liberal, "human relations" movement. The scientific management people, such as Frederick Taylor, were primarily interested in getting *things* done, and their concern with the employee was less with his emotions than his ability to distinguish distance, to add figures, the dexterity of his hands, and so on. The development of testing during this period was almost wholly concerned with aptitudes, and some fair success was accomplished along these lines: by having job applicants try their hand at putting wiggly blocks together, management was much better able to tell what kind of work a man was best suited for.

Concurrently, organisations were finding vocabulary and intelligence tests similarly useful. During World War One, psychologists had developed, in the "Alpha" tests, a very serviceable vocabulary and intelligence test, and civilian organisations were quick to see its usefulness. While these were not precise, enough people were being tested to produce rough norms that would enable an organisation to tell whether a person's mental capacities were sufficient for the particular work at hand. While schools and colleges have been the primary users of such tests, industry found that with the growing complexity of certain kinds of jobs IQ tests were just as valuable as physical aptitude tests in gauging employees. By the time of World War Two, the taking of aptitude and intelligence tests had become virtually a prerequisite of employment.

But something was eluding the organisation. With aptitude tests the organisation could only hope to measure the specific, isolated skills a man had; and, as far as his subsequent performance was concerned, it could predict the future only if the man was magnificently endowed or abysmally deficient in a particular skill. Aptitude tests, in short, revealed only a small part of a man, and as more and more human relations advocates have been saying, it is the whole man the organisation wants and not just a part of him. Is the man well adjusted? Will he remain well adjusted? A test of potential merit could not tell this; needed was a test of potential loyalty.

For a long time applied psychologists had been experimenting with inmates of mental institutions and prisons to plumb the deeper recesses of maladjustment, and in the course of this work they had developed some ingenious pen-and-pencil tests. While most of these were originally designed to measure abnormality, they could not do this unless they were also applied to normal people to get some sort of standard. Before long, the psychologists, spurred by the lively interest of professional educators, began applying these to ordinary groups of people. At first there were only crude indexes—chiefly of the degree people were extroverted or introverted. But the psychologists were nothing if not ingenious, and they have designed tests which presumably can measure almost any aspect of a man's personality.

Asking a normal adult to reveal himself is not the same thing as asking an inmate of a mental institution, of course, and some adults have balked at the self-revelation asked. But this recalcitrance, psychologists have advised organisations, is no great stumbling block. Testers have learned ways to attach great significance to the manner in which people res-

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BRIEF LIST OF PRINCIPAL PERSONALITY TESTS IN USE

Bernreuter Personality Inventory

One of the most widely used personality tests, this is a pen-and-pencil test in which the subject answers 125 forced-choice questions. (Cf. "Do you day-dream frequently?" "Do you often feel just miserable?" "Have books been more entertaining to you than companions?") The subject's answers are checked against norms, and on this basis he is given a percentile rating as to his degree of neurotic tendency, self-sufficiency, introversion, dominance.

The Personal Audit

Similar to the Personality Inventory, this consists of a series of forced choices. (Cf. "Draw a circle around the word that seems to you to go most naturally with the word in capitals. SLEEP — rest, dream, need, together.") The subject is rated on nine scales for such things as his degree of seriousness vs. impulsiveness; tolerance vs. intolerance.

Thurstone Temperament Schedule

This test provides 140 questions in which the subject is asked to rate himself. (Cf. "Do you often make people laugh?" "Are you often bored with people?") Answers are automatically scored by the use of carbon-paper arrangements; result is a "profile" showing the degree to which the subject is active, vigorous, impulsive, dominant, stable, sociable, and reflective.

Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory

The subject is shown 495 cards, and is asked to indicate whether he thinks the statements on them are true, false, or whether he is uncertain about them. (Cf. "I believe there is a devil and a hell in afterlife." "I believe I am being followed." "I have no fear of spiders.") Subject is then rated on five scales of neurotic tendency. This test was originally developed for use in mental institutions and psychiatric clinics, but despite warnings from psychiatrists, many corporations are now beginning to use it for screening all incoming employees, disturbed or otherwise.

Strong Vocational Preference Test

This is not a test of personality so much as a gauge of the kind of work the subject is best suited for. He answers 400 questions about his preferences for different subjects, kinds of people, and occupations. If he shows the same sort of preferences that, say, a median engineer shows, he could be advised to go into engineering. The test is very widely used by high schools and college vocational counsellors.

Rorschach Inkblot Test

This is the most widely known of the "projective" tests. The subject is shown an inkblot and asked to tell what he makes of it. His responses are "objectively" scored to reveal his awareness of reality, inner conflicts, maturity, and such. First used by psychiatrists, is now used by many firms for revealing potential problem cases and for helping gauge a man's characteristic approach to solving a problem.

Thematic Apperception Test

In this projective test the subject is shown a picture—it might be of a man looking enigmatically out a doorway—then asked to tell a story on the basis of it. The story is then rated for clues to see what it projects of his inner self. It might, for example, be scored on the basis of the pressures working on the individual and the needs he seeks. Here is how the analysis might go: "The man has just been fired [n Abasement] and everybody has left for the day [n Seclusion]. They had made him the goat for everything that went wrong [n Blamescape: p Dominance] so he is not sorry to leave. . . ."

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pond to the fact of the tests, and if a man refuses to answer several questions, he does not escape analysis: many psychologists believe that they can deduce his suppressed anxieties almost as well as if he had co-operated fully.

HERE, in short, was just what big organisations wanted. Not all of them, to be sure, but since the war there has been a steady increase in the numbers which have taken up this tool. In 1952, one-third of U.S. corporations used personality tests; since then the proportion has been climbing—of the sixty-three corporations I checked in 1954, some 60 per cent were using the tests, and these included such bell-wether firms as Sears, General Electric, and Westinghouse. There are still some companies vigorously opposed to personality testing, but most of the large ones are joining up and a fair number of smaller ones too.

The most widespread use of tests has been for the fairly mundane job of screening applicants. Even in companies which aren't yet fully sold on personality tests, it is part of standard operating procedure to add several personality tests to the battery of checks on the job applicant. If business declines, the tests may also be used to help cut down the work force. Industry Psychology Inc., a testing firm which does a large mail-order business, advises clients: "For trimming inefficiency in the company operation, there is no better place to direct the axe than in the worker category." And there is no better way to do this, it adds, than to run the work force through tests.

But the most intriguing development in personality testing lies in another direction. In about 25 per cent of the country's corporations the tests are used not merely to help screen applicants for the organisation but to check up on people already in it. And these people, significantly, are *not* the workers; as in so many other aspects of "human relations" it is the managers who are being hoist. Some companies don't bother to give personality tests to workers at all; aside from the fact that testing can be very expensive, they feel that the limited number of psychologists available should concentrate on the more crucial questions.

Should Jones be promoted or put on the shelf? Just about the time an executive reaches fifty and begins to get butterflies in his stomach wondering what it has all added up to and whether the long-sought prize is to be his after all, the company is wondering too. Once the man's superiors would have had to thresh this out among themselves; now they can check with the psychologists to find out what the tests say. At Sears Roebuck, for example, for the last ten years no one has been promoted in the upper brackets until the board chairman has consulted the tests. At Sears Roebuck, as elsewhere, the formal decision is based on other factors too, but the weight now being given test reports makes it clear that for those who aspire to be an executive the most critical day they may spend in their lives will be the one they spend taking tests.

Giving them has become something of an industry itself. In the last five years the number of blank test-forms sold has risen 300 per cent. The growth of psychological consulting firms has paralleled this rise. In addition to such established firms as the Psychological Corp., literally hundreds of consultants are setting up shop; Science Research Associates of Chicago, a leading test supplier, reports that in one year seven hundred new consultants asked to be put on its approved list of customers. Colleges are also getting into the business; through research centres like Renssalaer Polytechnic's Personnel Testing Laboratory, professors in mufti have been tailoring tests for companies on a consultant basis—a kind of competition, incidentally, which annoys a good many of the frankly commercial firms.

Types of service offered vary greatly. Some firms will do the entire operation by mail; the Klein Institute for Aptitude Testing, Inc., of New York, for example, within forty-eight hours of getting the completed test back will have an analysis on its way to the company. Usually, however, the job is done on the premises. Sometimes the consultant group,

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like the Activity Vector Analysts, will process the entire management group at one crack. More usually the analysts will come in and study the organisation in order to find the personality "profiles" best suited for particular jobs. They will then work up a battery of tests and master profiles. (Somehow, most batteries always seem to be made up of the same tests, but they are presumably just the right mix for the particular client.) The analysts may help out with the day-in, day-out machinery of testing, but the company's personnel department generally handles the rest of the job.

A dynamic would appear to be at work. The more people that are tested, the more test results there are to correlate, and the more correlations, the surer are many testers of predicting success or failure, and thus the more reason there is for more organisations to test more and more people. Some companies have already coded their entire executive force on to IBM cards that contain, in addition to vital statistics and work records, the men's test ratings. What with the schools already doing much the same thing, with electronics making mass testing increasingly easy, there seems no barrier to the building of such personnel inventories for every organisation. Since so many of the tests are standard, in time almost everyone can be followed from childhood on, as, echelon by echelon, he makes his way up from one organisation to another.

Fanciful? There's no limit to what some people would like to see done. Several years ago, I wrote a little piece for *Fortune* satirising current "integration" trends. Under the *nom de plume* of Otis Binet Stanford I presented a plan for a Universal Card. The idea was to do away with the duplication of effort in which each company goes about testing independently; instead, there would be one central organisation. Eventually, everyone would be processed by it—from school on. One's passport to organisation life would be his card. On it would be coded all pertinent information: political leanings, marital relations, credit rating, personality test scores, and, if the states co-operated, the card would also be one's operator's licence and car registration. (We had a very realistic card gotten up, complete with laminated photo of a young man wearing thick horn-rimmed glasses.) With this tool, an organisation could get full loyalty: if a man developed hostility he could not escape by leaving an organisation—his card would be revoked and that would be that. Towards the end of the piece I made it patently ridiculous: with the card, I said, society would be protected from people who questioned things and rocked the boat. For good measure, I added a footnote indicating the whole thing was a hoax.

To my consternation, a surprising number of people took it seriously. Some thought it was appalling. (*Punch* reported it straight as one more evidence of Yankee boorishness.) But a fair number thought it a splendid idea. The president of the country's largest statistical firm called in great excitement to find out if anyone had yet started the central processing organisation. He said it was the sort of idea you kick yourself for not having thought of first, and his firm was just the right outfit on which to build the central unit. When I last heard from him he was on his way down to see the Educational Testing Service at Princeton.

The card idea I thought was so novel, it also developed, was not novel at all. After the article had appeared I came across a glowing account of an index system Westinghouse Electric had had in operation for several years. For each management man they had a "Management Development Personnel Code Card," Westinghouse Form 24908. It was a square card, the edges of which were punched so that it might be run through the machines at Central Files.

THERE is, evidently, not much point at this date in belabouring the moral implications of mass testing. Ethical considerations are paramount, to be sure, but to put the case against testing on these grounds seems to array the critic with the ancient forces of superstition against the embattled followers of science. By default, the basic claims of the testers are left unchallenged. Worse yet, the

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criticism that portrays testing as a black art only serves to whet the curiosity of organisations all the more.

But do the tests do what they purport to do? Let us examine the testers on their own grounds: the scientific method. Testers do indeed try hard to be objective, and "value judgments" they despise. And this is the trouble. Not in the execution, not in failing to make the tests scientific enough, is the error; it is, rather, in the central idea that the tests *can* be scientific.

The tests, in fact, are loaded with values. They are, essentially, loyalty tests, or, rather, tests of potential loyalty. Neither in the questions nor in the evaluation of them are the tests neutral; they place the needs of organisation first, and the result is a set of yardsticks that reward the conformist, the pedestrian, the unimaginative—at the expense of the exceptional individual without whom no society or organisation can flourish.

What I am examining is not the use of tests as guides in clinical work with disturbed people, nor their use in counselling when the individual himself seeks the counselling. Neither is it the problems of professional conduct raised by the work of some practitioners in the field, interesting as this bypath is. What I am addressing myself to is the standard use of the tests by organisations as a gauge of the "normal" individual, and the major assumptions upon which the whole mathematical edifice rests.

The first assumption is the idea that if we can measure minor variations in most humans, we can to a large degree predict what they will do in the future. If the principle of this were true, tests of aptitude—such as vocabulary, or finger dexterity tests—should have long since proved the point. Unlike personality tests, they measure what is relatively measurable, and they have been used so long and on so many people that a vast amount of before-and-after documentation is available.

Aptitude tests have proved useful in distinguishing capabilities. Once past establishing whether a person probably can or cannot meet minimum requirements, however, their predictive success is not impressive. The Army Air Force mass testing experience furnishes perhaps the largest body of evidence available. During the war the Air Force tested hundreds of thousands of men with the standardised battery of tests known as the "Stanines"; now, by going back and comparing the initial prediction of how the men actually performed we gain a rather clear idea of their usefulness. Here are the conclusions psychiatrist Lawrence Kubie has drawn from the comparison:

> The tests of aptitudes were remarkably accurate as far as they went; they selected accurately a small group at one extreme, most of whom would succeed in training, and another small group at the opposite pole, most of whom would fail. (There were exceptions to the results even at both extremes.)
>
> As was to be expected, however, the vast majority of the men tested fell into the central zone of the normal curve of distribution, while only a relatively small percentage of the tested population was placed at the two extremes. With rare exceptions, the individuals who fell into the extremes knew their own aptitudes and ineptitudes before going through any tests. From their experiences at play, in sport, in school, and on various jobs, they knew already that they were specially adept or specially maladroit with respect to certain types of activity. Indeed the representatives of the two extreme ends of the scale were usually able to describe their strong and weak points almost as precisely as these could be measured.
>
> The next important lesson of the entire experiment with the "Stanines" was that for the majority, who fall in the great middle zone of the normal curve of distribution, their minor variations in aptitudes do not determine either success or failure, happiness or unhappiness in a career. For most of us (that is, for the Average Man), a subtle balance of conscious and unconscious forces determines how effectively we use our native aptitudes, whether intellectual, emotional, sensory, neuromuscular, or any combination of these aptitudes. For most of us it is not the minor quantitative differences in the machine itself, but the influence of these conscious and unconscious emotional forces on our use of the human machine which determines our effectiveness. For me this was the ultimate lesson

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from the experience of the Air Force with the "Stanines."

THE personality tester can reply that this merely proves his point—i.e. if a combination of aptitude tests cannot predict the future because of subtle emotional forces, why then all we have to do is add some tests that will measure these forces. Once again, the fatal step from science to scientism. In aptitude testing the responses are of a character that can be rated objectively—such as the correctness of the answer to 2 + 2, or the number of triangles in a bisected rectangle. The conclusions drawn from these aptitude and intelligence scores are, furthermore, limited to the relatively modest prediction of a man's capability of doing *the same sort of thing he is asked to do on the tests.* If the tests indicate that a man has only 5,000 words in his vocabulary, it is a reasonable assumption that he won't do particularly well in a job requiring 50,000 words. If he is all thumbs when he puts wiggly blocks together, he won't be very good at a job requiring enough manual dexterity to put things like wiggly blocks together.

To jump from aptitude testing to personality testing, however, is to jump from the measurable to the immeasurable. What the personality testers are trying to do is to convert abstract traits into a concrete measure that can be placed on a linear scale, and it is on the assumption that this is a correct application of the scientific method that all else follows. But merely defining a trait is immensely difficult, let alone determining whether it can be measured as the opposite of another. Is "emotionalism," for example, the precise statistical opposite of "steadiness"? People are daily being fitted on to linear scales for such qualities, and if their dimensions don't fit they are punished, like those on Procrustes' bed, for their deviance.

But what is "personality"? The surface facets of a man—the way he smiles, the way he talks? Obviously not, the psychologists admit; we must go much deeper. But how much deeper? Few testers would dream of claiming that one can isolate personality from the whole man, yet logic tells us that to be able statistically to predict behaviour we would have to do just this. The mathematics is impeccable—and thus entrapping. Because "percentiles" and "coefficients" and "standard deviations" are of themselves neutral, the sheer methodology of using them can convince people that they are translating uncertainty into certainty, the subjective into the objective, and eliminating utterly the bugbear of value judgments. But the mathematics does not eliminate values, it only obscures them.

Let's take the interpretation of test scores. Testers argue that the human element has largely been eliminated for this process; except with "projective" tests the scoring is standardised—if you choose answer (d) you get so many points and what the tester may think has nothing to do with it. But you don't take just one test; you usually take several different tests, and the crux of the process comes when the tester attempts to build a composite picture out of all these different sub-scores. The more different scores there are to put together, the more a job of interpretation, not less, the tester has.

With even the most disciplined mind, it is impossible to erase the influence of one's own environment and outlook. This holds true for testers as well as for the rest of us, and when any have some stray neuroses themselves, their interpretations can be downright dangerous. Several years ago, a mid-west executive sent a job applicant he had investigated and thought very well of to a psychological consultant for testing. The report that came back was surprisingly ominous; according to the analyst, the man was abnormally anti-authority and would have "insufficient feelings of loyalty to the organisation." The executive hired the man anyway—he didn't care whether the man loved the company or not; he just wanted a job done. The man worked out fine. A year later, when a similarly ominous report came in on a similarly able man, the executive became curious. He decided to go over and chat with the analyst. "The poor guy was pathetically jealous," the executive recalls. "He was eating his heart

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out because men his own age that I was sending over had gone way past him. I asked him about the first man he had warned me against. Obviously unstable he told me; the man had two kids, yet he had bought a convertible. Also, he was building an 'ultra-modern' house."

In the case of projective tests, interpretation is even more critical. Originally, they were meant to be used only as part of an exhaustive clinical diagnosis and the few men who are expert in them have warned against their indiscriminate application. As they point out, the tests can sometimes be more a projection of the man who is doing the evaluation than the man who is being evaluated.

What do symbols symbolise? David Riesman tells of a Thematic Apperception Test taken by a graduate student in history. In these tests you are shown a picture—of a man going out of a doorway, for example—and asked to tell a story about it. The history student, not too surprisingly, told a story about a famous historical figure who had had a difficult choice to make. Ah ha! said the man who interpreted the tests, maladjustment. The student had talked about people who were *dead*. This was the first thought that a historical figure had called up in the mind of the tester.

No matter what tests are used, the interview experience itself is surcharged with values. The dehumanised literature of the field gives little hint of the highly personal overtones that mark the meeting of interviewer and interviewee. Consider the situation in which a man who has reached middle age sees himself weighed in the balance by a man whom he has never seen before. Even were both impossibly "normal" the relationship would be difficult, for all the amenities of civilised discourse cannot suppress in either the consciousness that there is a conflict of interests between the two. There is no interviewee who does not have something within himself that he fears to reveal, and there are few interviewers who do not wish to find it. For professional reasons alone the interviewer wishes to probe for the bared nerve. And sometimes for personal reasons too: conducting such an interview can quicken the sadistic instincts in the mildest of us. The interviewer is sorely tempted to play God—and if the difference in ages or salaries or background or temperament between himself and the person he is evaluating is wide, the temptation to play somebody else is strong too.

WE HAVE been talking of how testers interpret answers. Now let's turn to the questions themselves. Are they free of values? In designing the questions, testers are inevitably influenced by the customs and values of their particular world. Questions designed to find a man's degree of sociability are an example. Do you read books? The reading of a book in some groups is an unsocial act, and the person who confesses he has at times preferred books to companions might have to be quite introverted to do such a thing. But the question is relative. Applied to someone brought up in an environment where reading books is normal—indeed, an excellent subject for much social conversation—the hidden "value judgment" built into the test can give a totally unobjective result. People are not always social in the same terms. A person who would earn himself an unsocial score by saying he would prefer reading to bowling with the gang is not necessarily unsocial and he might even be a strong extrovert. It could be that he just doesn't like bowling.

If the layman gags at the phrasing of a question, testers reply, sometimes with a superior chuckle, this is merely a matter of "face validity." They concede that it is better if the questions seem to make sense, but they claim that the questions are not so important as the way large numbers of people have answered them over a period of time. To put it in another way, if a hundred contented supervisors overwhelmingly answer a particular question in a certain way, this means something, and thus no matter whether the question is nonsensical or not, it has produced a meaningful correlation coefficient.

Meaning what? This is not the place to go into a lengthy dissertation on statistics, but

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two points should be made about the impressive test charts and tables that so often paralyse common sense. A large proportion of the mathematics is purely internal; that is, test results are compared with other test results rather than with external evidence. Now this internal mathematics is valuable in determining a test's "reliability"—that is, whether it is consistent in its measurements. If a group of people take Form B of a test, for example, and a mathematical correlation shows that their percentile scores rank just about as they did when they took Form A of the same test, we have an indication of the test's reliability in measuring something. But *what* is that something? A test's reliability tells us little about its validity. A test may give eminently consistent results, but the results are worthless unless it can be determined that the test is actually measuring the trait it is supposed to measure. Do the tests measure sociability or introversion or neurotic tendencies? Or do they merely measure the number of times an accumulation of questions about putting out fires or reading certain books will be answered certain ways?

To show a test is valid, scores must be related to subsequent behaviour of the people tested. Examine the "validation" evidence for many tests, however, and you will find they consist chiefly of showing how closely the average scores for the particular test come to the average scores of somebody else's test. That there should be a correlation between test scores is hardly surprising. Test authors are for ever borrowing questions from each other (some questions have been reincarnated in as many as ten or twelve different tests), and what the correlations largely prove is how incestuous tests can be.

But how much have scores been related to individual behaviour? Among themselves psychologists raise the same question, and for muted savagery there is nothing to match the critiques they make of each other's tests.*

The Bernreuter Personality Inventory is a particular case in point. This is by far the most widely used test in business (1953 sales by Stanford University Press, one of several distributors: 1,000,000 copies). Yet a reading of the professional journals shows a long succession of negative findings; some psychologists checked Bernreuter scores against other, and more objective, evidence of what the people tested were like, and found no significant relationships, and sometimes reverse correlations. "It must be concluded," writes Cecil Patterson in the *Journal of Social Psychology* (24, 3–50), "that the results of studies using the Bernreuter Personality Inventory are almost unanimously negative as far as the finding of significant relationships with other variables is concerned. . . . It is no doubt largely due to the nature of the questionnaire approach, which appears to be a fruitless technique for the study of personality."

As LEADING psychologists point out, a really rigorous validation would demand that a firm hire all comers for a period of time, test them, seal away the tests so the scores would not prejudice superiors, and then, several years later, unseal the scores and match them against the actual performance

* For the flavour of this internecine kind of battle read between the lines of the following succession of papers: Peck, R. F. and Worthington, R. E., "New Technique for Personnel Assessment," *Journal of Personnel Administration and Industrial Relations*, January 1954; Clark, J. G. and Owens, W. A., "A Validation Study of the Worthington Personal History Blank," *Journal of Applied Psychology*, 1954, Vol. 38, 85–88; Peck, R. F. and Stephenson, Wm., "A Correction of the Clark-Owens Validation Study of the Worthington Personal History Technique," *Journal of Applied Psychology*, Vol. 38, No. 5, 1954; Owens, W. A., "A Reply to Drs. Peck–Stephenson," *Journal of Applied Psychology*, Vol. 38, No. 5, 1954. This sort of thing can go on for years.

The layman who wishes to delve into the field might with profit borrow a copy of *The Fourth Mental Measurements Yearbook* (edited by Oscar K. Buros, Gryphon Press, Highland Park, N.J., 1953). This is a hefty collection of critiques, pro and con, made by psychologists of all the principal aptitude and personality tests. Another, and more readable, book is *Essentials of Psychological Testing*, Lee J. Cronbach, Harper and Bros., N.Y., 1949.

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of the individuals involved.* This has rarely been so much as attempted. Dr. Robert L. Thorndike of Columbia Teachers', certainly no fortress of anti-science, points out that most follow-up studies of personality tests known to the field are "contaminated." To make a genuine validation, Thorndike says, it is necessary "to apply the procedure and make the evaluation . . . to keep the results out of the hands of the operating people who can control each man's career and the appraisal of it . . . to get appraisals of job success that are entirely independent of the [original] appraisal, and then to bring together the two *independent* sets of data."

Comparisons have been made between groups that have been tested; for example, a group considered productive may be found to have had an average score on a particular test higher than that of another group less productive. The average of a group, however, tells us very little about the individuals involved. Invariably, some of the people in the "best" group will have lower test scores than some of those in the "poor" ones.

Testers evade this abyss by relying on a whole battery of tests rather than on just one or two. But no matter how many variables you add you cannot make a constant of them. If a man has a high "contentment index" and at the same time a very high "irritability index," does the one good cancel out the other bad? Frequently the tester finds himself right back where he started from. If he is a perceptive man he may pay little heed to the scores and make a very accurate prognosis; if the prognosis later turns out to be correct, however, this will be adduced as one more bit of evidence of the amazing accuracy of the tests.

As an example of how values get entwined in testing, let's watch as a "Worthington Personal History" is constructed. This particular technique is a "projective" one; it is so projective, as a matter of fact, that the tester doesn't even have to bother seeing the man at all. The client company has the applicant fill out what seems to be an innocuous vital-statistics blank and then mails it to Worthington Associates at Chicago. There an analyst studies it for such clues as whether the man used check marks or underlinings, how he designated his relatives, what part of his name he gives by initials, what by the full word. He is then ready to reconstruct the man.

Let the reader match his skill against the testers. In a hypothetical example given in the *Personnel Psychology* journal, we are told that the applicant, one Jonathan Jasper Jones, Jr., writes down that he is twenty-six, that the date of his marriage was November 1951, that he has only one dependent, his wife, that her given name is Bernadine Butterfield, her age twenty-eight, and that she works as a nurse-receptionist in a doctor's office.

Enigma? Carefully, the analyst writes that these clues indicate that Jones "may not take his general obligations very seriously, may have a tendency to self-importance, wishful thinking, may be inclined to be passive-dependent, i.e. reliant on others for direction and guidance, in his general work relationships; may be inclined to take pleasure in unearned status or reflected glory."

How in the world did the analyst deduce all this? Let us peek into the laboratory. The name was the first clue. It told the analyst that Jones was narcissistic. Whenever a man writes his name out in full, the tester notes in his chart that he is "narcissistic." Two initials, last name — "hypomanic." First initial, middle and last name—"narcissistic,

* In the field of projective tests validation is skimpier yet: Psychiatrist Dr. Sol W. Ginsburg, Vanderbilt Clinic, College of Physicians & Surgeons, Columbia University: "Rorschach never dreamed his test would be used in the way that it has been used. His most distinguished pupils have also warned against misapplying the test. It has no place in industry for selection purposes. It would be possible to test personalities of future teachers or future executives, but it would be very expensive. You would have to find competent persons to administer the test and such competent persons do not exist in any large numbers. Moreover, it would take more than a generation before one could judge whether the tests one was using were valid." (*What Makes An Executive*, Eli Ginzberg, editor, Columbia University Press, 1955.)

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histrionic." Any erasure or retracing—"anxious, tense." Characteristically, the applicant gets the short end of every assumption; even if he adopts the customary first name, middle initial, last name, he is put down as "mildly compulsive."

Deeper and deeper the analyst goes:

Spouse's age: twenty-eight.

Fact: married a girl two years older than himself.

Empirical observation: the majority of men marry women younger than themselves.

Primary deduction: may have been influenced in marrying her by unconsciously considering her as a mother-surrogate.

Tentative inference: may like to have an older woman, or people, take care of him.

Provisional extension: may be inclined to be passive-dependent, i.e., reliant on others for direction and guidance, in his general work relationships.

And so on.

Analysts, of course, have just as much right to read between the lines as the next man; what makes their posture interesting is the claim that theirs is the scientific method. There are all the inevitable tables ("the biserial correlation for tenure on Worthington cut-off is 0·34") in which the accuracy of the internal mathematics is confused with the accuracy of the premises. There is the usual spurious humility: the authors caution that no single deduction is necessarily correct; it is only when all the deductions are fitted into a "formal quantitative scoring procedure based on an organised system of psychodynamic factors" that they become correct. Add up enough wrongs, in short, and you get a right.

The analysis of J. J. Jones is a rather extreme example but it leads us to a defect characteristic of all tests. Against what specifications is the man being measured? Assuming for the moment that we are able to diagram Jonathan Jones exactly, how are we to know the kind of work the diagram indicates he is suited for? There is not much point in testing people to find out if they will make good salesmen or executives unless we know what it is that makes the good ones good.

There are, of course, some fairly simple common denominators such as energy and intelligence, but beyond these we get into very muddy waters indeed. Is the executive, as is so often assumed, one who was more attracted to his father than his mother? What of the liking for other people that is supposed to be a key executive trait? Many successful executives are very gregarious but a great many equally successful ones are not, and some are very cold fish. Conversely, are writers, research people, and the like necessarily introverts? One writer I know rather well was advised by a testing laboratory to go into clerical work and steer clear of writing; while he scored just slightly "introverted," the laboratory still felt that his score indicated enough enjoyment of the company of other people to prove him unsuited for writing. In an interesting concept of what writing is, another laboratory tells people whether they are good at communication by determining "ability to write freely without blocking or searching for the right word or phrase." You are given a topic and so many minutes in which to write on it. No matter how much gibberish it may be, the more words you write on this glibness test the more "creative" you are rated to be.

TESTERS often admit their knowledge of personality requirements is still too sketchy, but they feel this can be cleared up by more testing. And thus we come to the "profile." Testers have been busy collating in chart form the personality scores of people in different occupations to reveal how they differ with other adult groups on particular personality traits. These comparisons are generally expressed as a "percentile" rating; if the total of thirty sales-clerks' score on sociability averages somewhere around the 80th percentile, for example, this indicates that the average sales clerk is more sociable than seventy-nine out of a hundred adults. With such data a man being considered for a particular kind of job can be matched against the master profile of the group. The closer he fits the better for him.

Profiles are also worked up for individual

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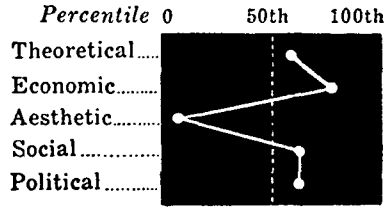
companies. At Sears Roebuck there are charts that diagram the optimum balance of qualities required. Here is the one an executive values:



A man does not have to match this profile exactly, but it won't help him at all if his line zigs where the chart zags. Take a man who scores considerably higher than the 10th percentile on æsthetic values, for example; such people, Sears notes, "accept artistic beauty and taste as a fundamental standard of life. This is *not* a factor which makes for executive success. . . . Generally, cultural considerations are not important to Sears executives, and there is evidence that such interests are detrimental to success."

Sears has every right to de-emphasise certain qualities and emphasise others; and in hewing to this type, it should be noted, Sears has built up one of the most successful management groups in the country. But the process should not be confused with science. When tests are used as selection devices, they are not a neutral tool; *they become a large factor in the very equation they purport to measure*. For one thing, the tests tend to screen out—or repel—those who would upset the correlation. If a man can't get into the company in the first place because he isn't the company type, he can't very well get to be an executive in it and be tested in a study to find out what kind of profile subsequent executives should match. Long before personality tests were invented, of course, plenty of companies had proved that if you hire only people of a certain type then all your successful men will be people of that type. But no one confused this with the immutable laws of science.

Bias doesn't have to be personal. Now it's institutionalised. For the profile is self-confirming; when it doesn't screen out those who fail to match it, it will mask the amount of deviance in the people who do pass. Few test takers can believe the flagrantly silly statement in the preamble to many tests that there are "no right or wrong answers." There wouldn't be much point in the company's giving the test if some answers weren't regarded as better than others. Telling the truth about yourself is difficult in any event; when someone is likely to reward you if you give answers favourable to yourself the problem of whether to tell the truth becomes more than insuperable; it becomes irrelevant. In this respect, let us give the tests their due; they may tell little about personality, but they do tell something about intelligence. "Do you day-dream frequently?" In many companies a man either so honest or so stupid as to answer "yes" would be well advised to look elsewhere for employment.

Even when the man who should have looked elsewhere slips through, the profile will be self-confirming. For the profile moulds as well as chooses; it is, as Sears puts it, a statement of "the kind of behaviour we have found to be desirable." If he is going to get ahead, let alone survive, the man is going to have to adjust. Several years of give and take, and the organisation will have smoothed him out, and thus when the psychologists do their "validating," or rechecking, later he will score near enough to the median to show them how right they were all along. At Sears, psychologists retested employees about two-and-a-half years after their first test. Of the thirteen personality factors they were investigating, nine showed a definite change. "All the factors," concluded Sears' V. C. Benz, "indicate a 'better' or more adequate psychological adjustment . . . the individuals are better people."

Up to a point the company "type" has some virtue; any first-rate organisation must have an *esprit de corps* and this requires a certain degree of homogeneity. But the pitfalls are many, for while a self-confirming profile makes for a comfortable organisation, it eventually can make for a static one. Even the largest corporations must respond to changes in the environment; a settled com-

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pany may have its very existence threatened by technological advances unless it makes a bold shift to a new type of market. What, then, of the pruning and moulding that adapted it so beautifully to its original environment? The dinosaur was a formidable animal.

THE profile can be self-confirming for the individual too. For tests intensify a mutual deception we practise on one another. Who is "normal"? All of us to some degree have a built-in urge to adjust to what we conceive as the norm, and in our search we can come to feel that in the vast ocean of normality that surrounds us only we are different. We are the victims of each other's façades.

And now, with the norm formally enshrined in figures, we are more vulnerable than ever to this tyrant. "Science" seems its ally, and thus, faulty or not, the diagnosis can provoke a sense of guilt or inadequacy; for we may forget that the norm is often the result of the instinctive striving of previous test takers to answer as they think everyone else would answer.

If the organisation man escapes the danger of self-tyranny he faces another. At first, superiors may scoff at the diagnosis, but if they have been putting reliance on testing they have a stake themselves in the correctness. Suspicion, unfortunately, demands proof, and sometimes it so counterbalances judgment that unconsciously a management will punish the man so that faith in the tests may be confirmed. One large mid-western company was about to promote a man when it decided to have him take a test. The report that the consultant firm mailed back to the company was freighted with warnings about the man's stability. The company was puzzled. The man had consistently done a fine job. Still. . . . The more the company mused, the more worried it became; at last it decided to tell the man the promotion he had expected so long was going to someone else. Six months later, the company reports, the man had a nervous breakdown. As in all such stories, the company says this proves how accurate the test was.

Are the people who don't score well necessarily the misfits? Almost by definition the dynamic person is an exception—and where aptitude tests reward, personality tests often punish him. Look at a cross-section of profiles and you will see three denominators shining through: extroversion, disinterest in the arts, and a cheerful acceptance of the *status quo*. Test scoring keys reveal the same bias. If you want to get a high score you will do well to observe these two rules:

(1) When asked for word associations or comments about the world, give the most conventional, run-of-the-mill, pedestrian answer possible.
(2) When in doubt about the most beneficial answer to any question, repeat to yourself:

> *I loved my father and my mother, but my father a little bit more.*
> *I like things pretty well the way they are.*
> *I never worry much about anything.*
> *I don't care for books or music much.*
> *I love my wife and children.*
> *I don't let them get in the way of company work.*

If you were this kind of person you wouldn't get very far; but, unfortunately, you won't get very far unless you can seem to be this kind. Check the norms and you will find that the advice is not flippant.* Norms are based on group scores and as often as not the group turns out to have been 1,000 college freshmen, 400 high-school students, or some

* Several who have followed this advice, I am glad to report, have profited well. One engineer who was asked by his company to take a battery of tests studied my trot and took the tests in the frame of mind recommended above. To his surprise, he shortly received quite a promotion. The company evidently had found unsuspected depths of normalcy in him; as one executive later confided to him, the tests had eliminated certain doubts some had had about his personality. He has, incidentally, done very well in the new job.

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similarly less than outstanding aggregation. There are norms for selected groups like executives, chemists, and the like, and there will in time be more and more. But these can be illusory too. Usually, the norms are based on the responses of people who are being tested by the organisation; in such a situation, self-preservation demands a certain circumspection in answering, and the norms are more a play-back of what the people taking the tests think the organisation wants to hear, rather than the reality of their own selves. "Day-dream?" "Of course not."

THE sheer mechanics of the tests punish the exceptional man. A test with prefabricated answers is precisely the kind of test that people with superior intelligence find hardest to answer. Writing of the using of "objective," multiple-choice college examinations, Jacques Barzun says in his *Writer in America*: "I have kept track for some ten years of the effects of such tests on the upper half of the class. The best men go down one grade and the next best go up. It is not hard to say why. The second-rate do well in school and life because of their ability to accept what is accepted and conventional. . . . But first-rate men are rare and equally indispensable. . . . To them, a ready-made question is an obstacle. It paralyses thought by cutting off all connections but one. Or else it sets them to thinking and doubting whether *in that form* any of the possible answers really fit. Their minds have finer adjustments, more imagination, which the tests deliberately penalise as encumbrances."

How well do group averages fit the outstanding man? For a practical check my colleagues at *Fortune* and I decided to do some testing of our own. What would happen, we wondered, if the presidents of some of our large corporations had to take the same tests their juniors do? We obtained a supply of test blanks and scoring keys for the principal tests and managed to persuade a dozen of the most well-known corporation leaders to take the tests and let us do the scoring. For good measure, we gave the same battery of tests to sixteen of the country's most brilliant scientists, and a condensed version to thirty-eight middle management men who had been picked by their respective companies as outstanding for their age group.

When the tests were scored, one thing became clear. If the tests were literally applied across the board today, tomorrow half of the most prominent individuals in our big corporations would be out pounding the streets for a job. Here are the highlights of the test results.

(1) Not one corporation president had a profile that fell completely within the usual "acceptable" range, and two failed to meet the minimum profile for foremen. On the "How Supervise" questions, presidents on the average got only half the answers right, thus putting them well down in the lower percentiles. They did particularly badly on the questions concerning company employee-relations policies. Only three presidents answered more than half of these questions correctly.

(2) The scientists' Personal Audit profiles were more even than the presidents'—if anything, they scored as too contented, firm, and consistent. They did, however, show up as extremely misanthropic, over half falling under the 20th percentile for sociability.

(3) The middle-management executives scored well on stability and sociability, but on practical judgment only three reached the mean indicated for executive work.

(4) The range of scores was so great as to make a median figure relatively meaningless. On the Thurstone "S" score for sociability, for example, only eight of the forty-three management men fell between the 40th and the 60th percentiles, the remainder being grouped at either extreme.

(5) The scores were highly contradictory. Many of the same people who got high "steadiness" scores on the Personal Audit scored very badly for "stability" on the Thurstone test. Similarly, many who scored high on "contentment" had very low "tranquillity" scores.

One explanation for the variance between the men and the norms would be that the

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men in our sample were answering frankly—no job being at stake—and thus their scores could not be properly compared with the standard norms given. But if this is the case, then we would have to conclude that the norms themselves embody slanted answers. Another explanation of the men's poor showing would be that they scored low because they were in fact neurotic or maladjusted, as the tests said. But this would only leave us with a further anomaly. If people with an outstanding record of achievement show up as less well "adjusted" than the run of the mill, then how important a yardstick is adjustment? Our sample, of course, was small. So is the supply of outstandingly talented people.

Not only do talented people disturb the statistical equilibrium, they are the kind of people those of moderate ability frequently distrust. They always did, of course, but now they have a way of rationalising the distrust; sometimes it seems almost as though they were joined together in a great League of the Mediocre against those who would confound them. The specifications for research people are a case in point. In picking those to be advanced to leadership, some management experts seem to go out of their way to pick the mediocre almost for their mediocrity, as if brilliance in a field disqualifies one for leadership. "When we're looking for a guy to be made a research director," says one consultant, "we try to find a guy who's just a fair chemist but whose test indicates potential leadership qualities. We'd sooner push him up than a guy who is a top chemist but only an average leader."

A record of achievement is no defence. What a person has actually done over a long period of time would seem to be the single most valuable indication of how he will perform in the future. But a record is not measurable; unlike a multiple-choice answer, it cannot be reduced into statistical form, and thus the more anxious an organisation is for certainty, the less attention does it pay to past performance. The fault here is management's, it should be noted, more than the psychologists', for management often asks them to deliver much more definite recommendations than they are willing to certify. Even the management consultants, whose chief competence is supposed to be personnel evaluation, frequently farm out the decisions about their own hiring to testing firms.

Finally, let us suppose that the tests could in fact reveal the innermost self. Would they even then be justified? The moral basis of testing has been by-passed in this discussion but it is the paramount issue. Were the tests truly scientific, their effectiveness would make the ultimate questions more pressing, not less. Is the individual's innermost self any business of the organisation? He has some rights too. Our society has taught him to submit to many things; thousands of civilians who went into the Services meekly stood naked in long lines waiting for their numbered turn in the mass physical examinations. Many American citizens who have been asked to work on government projects have submitted to being fingerprinted and to the certainty that government agents would soon be puzzling their friends and neighbours with questions about their backgrounds. But in these cases a man can console himself that there is a reason; that if he is to enjoy the benefits of collective effort he must also pay some price.

But there is a line. How much more must a man testify against himself? The Bill of Rights should not stop at organisation's edge. In return for the salary that the organisation gives the individual, it can ask for superlative work from him, but it should not ask for his psyche as well. If it does, he must withhold. Sensibly—the bureaucratic way is too much with most of us that he can flatly refuse to take tests without hurt to himself. But he can cheat. And he very well should.

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William Sansom

To the Rescue!

A story

"YOU'D best go by train," said this healthy-looking lady in overalls and some kind of cap, "if you ask *me*."

Tressiter, who had asked her, looked vaguely about him at trees heavy with summer, at the model engine bright blue beneath, at the miniature rail disappearing in a miniature curve into green thicket. He remembered the map. No railway. He looked down at high-stepped lizard shoes pointing, like porker feet, out of the woman's overall trousers.

"Train?" he said, puzzled.

She pointed down at the engine, half the height of the man oiling it. "There," she said. "In five minutes."

A mixed mob of Brownies and Cubs poured in and out of the miniature carriage doors, little folk in exact proportion to the size of the carriages. At a more distant perspective they might have been a crowd of scout instructors and gym mistresses mobbing around a real train. But just behind them a real and giant scoutmaster and a huge sort of gym mistress stood, bringing a dream unreality to the scene. These two shepherding their last charges into the coach suddenly followed, their heads bowed, their giant shanks dragging after them to disappear finally, satisfactorily, within.

Tressiter raised his black homburg and smiled: "Well, if you say so, madam," he said. "Many thanks."

He descended the stairs and put an uneasy hand on the door of an empty carriage. It felt quite solid. He doubled himself down and entered. Inside it was surprisingly capacious —he could sit up straight without bowing his head! Yet the station steps, the platforms, and of course now the carriage windows—all these were definitely undersized, half-sized? He remembered how during the war his battalion had been stationed in a school built for very small children: washbowls, lavatories, and so forth were low down and exactly half size. It had been strange bending to such dwarf appliances, but possible. It had given one an oddly child's-eye view of life. A curious sensation. Yet he had noticed that the opposite worked too—here were little things making you feel little, yet big things made you feel little too—he had noticed that, for instance on his Sunday afternoon walks in London, it was only when he passed a really immense house that he felt it to be like the houses of childhood, its size proportionately large to his grown eye. There must, he thought looking out at the real countryside cantering past, be other dimensions at work than those we know.

He looked at his briefcase and saw the initials M. R. T. with some reassurance. Mervyn Ralph Tressiter on the way to see

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some silly old—to see Mrs. Miriam Albee in her summer cottage about a few wintry old bonds. Travelling on the light railway out to Dunromin on Dungeness. Definitely. Yet the initials? The resounding MERVYN RALPH? During his schooldays those initials had meant a great deal—he had carved them everywhere, written them in red ink at the top of clean blue-lined pages: as with the two Christian names, never used since in such sonorous order. Here they were with him again, full size in a half-size train.

WHAT then occurred through the window was not more reassuring to Tressiter, who had arrived at London Bridge and his office quite normally long, long ago that morning. For the high June grasses and the heavy-leafed branches above suddenly ceased; one moment he had been softly curtained in country green—and now here was the train running through what seemed to be an endless desert of pebbles. He craned round to see what was to come, and saw the little black rail track curving on indeed into desert distance—into a kind of nothingness. Overhead the sky hung hot and solid blue. Beneath stretched nothing but a vast pinkish-grey plain of little stones. He remembered the map, this must be the Ness proper, a monstrous long snout of silted shingle prodding into the Channel. Now the sea could be seen—or at least that hollow look of unobstructed air that indicates the sea beneath: the horizon proper was hidden by a raised motor road upon which a bright blue motorcycle raced along slowly with the train, while just beyond, as though also on the road, there crawled the white fretted upper-works and orange-banded funnel of a cargo steamer. Gravel-covered villas with brilliant red or green roofs now dotted this road—and among these the slow-travelling superstructure of the steamship looked like a white rococo casino left over from the turn of the century. An arid place, sea-blown and open—Tressiter wondered how Mrs. Albee could have chosen such a spot for her summer residence. Now there came into view a holiday camp with deserted hard-courts, a wired-in corral of empty chalets. The train stopped, and the Cubs and Brownies milled out to disappear almost instantly, swallowed somehow by the very emptiness. Once more the train started—Tressiter felt he must be the only passenger, alone in the tiny train, and now even the villas receded, there remained only shingle and lonely wooden huts, creosoted bungalows on whose tarry verandahs sat solitary figures in deckchairs, tattered rugs about their knees. Occasionally a woman in an apron would be seen standing with a basin, absolutely alone, near one of these shacks. Each bungalow had a fenced surround of ground: inside the fence it was still pebble, no difference. Cocoa and strong tea must be drunk here all day, Tressiter thought, from enamelled tin mugs.

There hung over everything a desolation of peace—the kind of peace that follows war, when everything is tattered and the earth scourged dry. No cafés, nothing but shingle and these huts lonely from each other. Little grew but weeds. Sometimes the startling pink of valerian started up but even this looked unreal, no green to soften the hard plastic pink. The whole place of black huts and nothingness was as quiet as death.

The train stopped at its weedy terminal and Tressiter descended to visit Mrs. Albee at Dunromin. It was simply another creosoted bungalow. He concluded his business quickly. Among washed-out curtains over a cup of strong tea—in fact Mrs. Albee served him with a china cup, uncracked—he found his mind worked the quicker simply to get away: if she wanted to hoard her little nest-egg in such circumstances, it was—well, one could not say it was none of his business because it was his business; nevertheless Tressiter had not to reason why. Mrs. Albee's grey hair was dyed in parts red, and she settled herself to talk. She stroked him with her eyes, there was the urgent desire of loneliness about her. Against these importunities, Tressiter worked with precision: he did two hours' work in one.

So that shortly after noon he stepped free from the bungalow into the rest of a day that had no precise purpose. There was not really

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time to get back to London and the office; and it was certainly time, his stomach rumbled, for lunch. He had been told about a café by the lighthouse on the tip of the Ness. It was a sunny day, and he thought he would go and sit a bit on the beach afterwards. To get to the end of something, over a hill or to the very tip of such a promontory, was a familiar compulsion.

In the asbestos-lined café there were baked beans to be had. "The stores haven't arrived yet," the woman said, when he enquired for eggs or meat. She spoke softly, slowly, with an almost beautiful content—they might have been on an island far off the coast of Scotland. He ordered baked beans, and then ordered them again. He did not quite finish the second portion: fortified by hot coffee he left for the beach.

IT WAS not far. A few weeds straggled like dull green paper streamers among the pebbles; then they too died away, the last black hut was passed, and only the pebbles, cleaner, yellower, remained. They rose and fell in two steep silted dunes, and suddenly dropped away shelving into deep blue water.

To one side stood the lighthouse and its buildings, to the other a single solitary hut: otherwise the yellow-pink pebbles stretched in their millions, a mighty bank as far as the eye could see, cutting exactly against the blue sea under its blue sky. A light breeze opened out the air all around.

The lighthouse compound, bright white and black, stabbed clean against the blue, its line of black-tarred chimneys as clear-cut as the white tower itself. No gulls, no refuse. Tressiter opened his lungs and breathed in the great clarity. You could smell the tar. He took off his homburg and sat down: he stuck, he had sat on a patch of tar. So most of this wonderfully clean-looking beach was fouled with tar and ship's oil! He was just piling his briefcase and homburg into a careful castle—when a voice suddenly piped from behind:

"Messy, ainit? I bring it in when I go 'ome."

He shot his head round. He saw a thin white boy of about ten in a dark bathing-dress.

"You—you bring it in?" Tressiter said, startled that in such empty space a person could approach shadowless, unseen, from directly behind; and especially as no sound had come from pebbles that looked so resonant. But now a loud near pebble-crunch embodied the voice: and, after all, it was only a boy.

"The tar of course," said the boy.

"But what do you want to bring it in for? Is it valuable?" he asked.

The boy looked vaguely out to sea, not a trace of scorn on his face for Tressiter's obtuse confusion.

"I bring it in on me feet," he said, his voice like a rising and falling aerial whine, without human direction, blank.

There was silence as the boy sat down. Here was the whole wide beach, yet the boy chose to sit just beside him, a few feet left in between, so as not to be actually *with* Tressiter! A little essay, Tressiter thought, in human gregariousness—grouping against the elements but taking care to remain individual, the lone wolf and the herd in the same veins.

And I'm an outsize essay, he thought again, in the misapplication of metropolitan man to the free littoral—here I've covered a fifty-guinea suit with good indigenous tar; also, every brace and lace and buckle about me irks to be free: now if I did not feel in the boardroom the delightful and reassuring pressures of suspenders and braces and waistcoat-strap and the back of my collar, let alone my well-fitting teeth and the smooth texture of a shaven jaw—why, if I did not feel all these armours exactly attuned I would never be able to pull my weight in conference, I'd be acutely demoralised. Yet here I want to throw them all off! It's not *that* hot, and I don't want to sunbathe—it's simply some maddening association of ideas.

"You don't 'alf like baked beans," the boy said vaguely to the sea.

He added: "I'm a guts too."

So the news had got around already. A sensation in so remote a spot—that a man

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should have two helpings of the same! Once again he sensed that here was a place so solitary, with so few things moving in its lonely space, that anything could happen: that something *would* happen.

"I CAN throw a stone into the sea," the boy said, his slow dreamy eyes on the near deep water. His mouth hung a little open—no purpose, it seemed, in keeping it closed. Tressiter waited for him to say, "Can you?"—some normal inclusion of himself. But again the boy said nothing further. He was vacantly content with a plain statement of his personal, slow direction. Tressiter saw him suddenly as some awful kind of snail-boy, blindly slithering through life over an interminable vista of baked beans and pebbles without destination or purpose, except occasionally to surmount the barrier of a tar-patch. But at last the boy tossed a stone into the sea. Tressiter watched it throw up a small web of water, heard its resonant plonk-sound, and the stone was gone for ever.

The boy stood up. "I'm going in," he said, "I'm going in plop like my stone."

Now Tressiter lay beneath and the child was standing above him. It reduced him to child-level—once again on this strange day—and it seemed even insolent of this boy, now grown up there, not to look down at him.

"I can swim," the boy said and began to walk off.

Thank God at least for that, Tressiter muttered under his breath. Then in sudden despair for some sort of communication, he called after him: "Where do you live? Is that your Mum and Dad back there?"

But the boy never noticed, broke into a run crunching sudden brittle thunder from the pebbles, and then, all arms and pony-stepping legs, windmilled a white spray into the sea. Arms like little white sticks, Tressiter thought, looking back to the distant hut where perhaps the boy had come from, and where he had noticed two figures sitting wrapped up in the sun. He couldn't have been here long, no brown on him. Perhaps it's his holiday, his first day. He remembered the slight red flush beginning on the boy's arms, showing the skin whiter beneath—and found this rather touching.

The thought took him back to his own holidays as a child, to smells of sea and sand long ago. That miraculous secret land of rocks and seaweed left by an unusually low tide! The gritty feeling of sand from his feet in the bath as evening fell and the long salty day was over!

He shook his head regretfully and looked down at his grown-up paunching stomach in its adult, lease-holder's, season-ticket suit. Again he was back again thinking of himself small, the whole day seemed to contrive it—and he looked over at the lighthouse, and even this, in the big simplicity of its patterned white and black, looked more like a giant model than a high windswept tower. He squinted at it, solitary against sea and wide shingle. I could have built that myself, he thought as he reduced it, with my bricks.

AND close inshore there passed model ships, perfect in all detail. Heavy-tonned cargo steamers came right in to round the point of the Ness: the sea was deep here, and from the little hill of shingle shelving sharply down it looked the deeper, one could imagine the angle continuing straight down like the side of a basin—and somehow in the clear air the ships looked nearer even than they were, and in his eyes reduced in size, for one seldom sees a ship so, it is more usually either a speck in the distance or a high wall of steel at a quayside. The breeze blew their smoke to nothing: moving slowly past, with no visible effort to be seen, they might have been drawn on underwater strings. Tressiter felt his heart jump as he saw the bright orange and black paint, and the white deck-works, and blocks and rigging and bollards and capstans: long ago he had pressed his nose to the toy-shop window and seen such ships in all their miniature detail, each item priced . . . how he had yearned for those little brass knobs, how his pocket-money had loved out into the window. . . .

A faint cry came from the water.

Idly, not lowering his eyes to the sea between his pebble-dune and the ship, he left

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the cry unanswered. If the boy ignored him on the beach, he'd be damned if he'd applaud whatever he was up to in the water.

Again the cry, louder. The letter L seemed to curve up on the wide air, then blow away. Casually he looked down. The boy was waving at him.

Well, he would wave. Then a vomit of hard fear raced up to catch the breath in his throat—the boy was struggling, waving for help. "Help!" the cry came, ". . . el . . . !" and he saw the stick-arms thrashing lob-sided and the boy's chin thrust urgently up as if he were being strangled, gasping for air.

For a second, urgency paralysed Tressiter. He felt the taste of salt water in the boy's mouth, he looked back at the two doll-figures sunning in the tarry verandah back up the beach, he stood up and waved wildly. Neither moved.

He looked down with horror at his suit, his shoes. The boy was absurdly close inshore. No more than twenty or thirty feet out: but in deep water; and with what currents pulling down?

He thought wildly: They take off their boots, they take them off and fling their jackets off and plunge over the embankment wall. . . . He struggled with a lace, then heeled the shoe right off, then the other, and his jacket—in the last second he rolled this up and put it not on tar but on the homburg-briefcase castle—and then stood again milling his arms in a wild semaphore to the sunning rugs up there.

"Ell!" piped loud now from the sea, desperate as a gull's cry. The dolls sat on staring at him, not a movement. Once sunlight seemed to flash on glasses. Asleep? Sun-blind? Spectators immobilised in the sun, quiet as insects . . . and the lighthouse, the black and white coastguard's house impregnably walled—no sign of life . . . and on a ship passing he could see decks and rails and lifebuoys so near, but unreachable. He ran down the shingle, not feeling the stones, nor then as he dived in the sudden chill of the water. Only when he was swimming a heavy-breathed breaststroke towards the struggling bob of a head—only then did he realise suddenly a kind of hopelessness, a smallness about himself alone among waves. Not waves, only wind-ripples, but at water-level waves higher than the eye . . . and now his soaked trousers weighed him back, his own breath was going . . . and what would he do when he got to the boy? If he struggled? The thing was to hit him? Hit him in the face? But where in the face?

In the long few yards pushing through the water he saw the hull of the oil-tanker, wondered if he should go back and signal it from the beach, knew he shouldn't . . . and then half way to the boy he saw the head disappear. Had he gone under or was it a wave in between? Suddenly he thought for the first time: Is it worth it? Is it worth two lives? And though hitherto during that day a specious sense of being small again had struck him, in the little train, then on the beach—now much more darkly and deeply he felt it, he was right back again like a small boy with big things round him and the old guilt worming up, he was doing wrong and he would do it knowing it and there was a shadow of punishment above though he would find a tale to tell himself out of it . . . and, so thinking, tears burned in his eyes as his helpless breath came and he turned and started to dog-paddle back to the shore.

But on the beach a figure came bounding enormously alone down the shingle, an old man in striped pyjamas, grey hair whisking in the sun, shouting something, now plunging straight into the sea and coming fast with an overarm crawl. And Tressiter, gulping down his guilt, turned slowly round and began his hopeless dog-paddle back towards the boy again.

But even then he trod water, hoping the man would pass him, hating to lose more distance from the shore, hoping with fear even greater than fear of water that he had not been noticed.

The boy's head was clearly to be seen again, and this strong swimmer flailed swiftly past him: Tressiter trod water a little nearer, wanting to appear at hand to help, yet not moving far, calculating each foot . . .

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and the man had the boy safe and had turned on his back and was frogging hard to the beach. Tressiter turned and kept pace, paddling fast now. At last they stumbled up the first wet shingle, and the man stooped to gather the boy firmly in his arms. Tressiter found his own arms outstretched round and under a little way off this burden, as if to catch it if it should fall—but a cautious inch or two away, useless yet looking useful as crabwise he trod up beside the man to the dry shingle above.

He stood by uselessly as the man got the boy's arms moving and water trickled out from his blueing lips. He felt he must say something. The man paid no attention to him. He might not have been there. Yet now he felt he ought to be congratulated—the lie had formed in him, he had never *really* turned back, he had gone in after the boy and risked his life, he who was a poor swimmer had done this.

"How is he?" he said.

The man took no notice, working away concentrated only on the body beneath. The thought came to Tressiter that it would have been useless if he had brought the boy in, he had no knowledge of these respiratory exercises—and this, too, excused him. Yet he could have carried the boy to the coast-guards? No time, no, there would not have been time.

A woman was stumbling over towards them—he saw that now the verandah of the hut was empty, they must have seen him go in after he had waved, and a little hope clutched at him as he thought how purposeful his back must have looked—and now the man raised his head and yelled: "Cocoa, Ma! Hot cocoa, look slippy!"

Then as she turned, the boy made his first movement. The man muttered, "Thank God," and gathered him up again. He stood up, breathing hard, with the boy in his arms. Tressiter urged forward a step: "Can I help?" he said.

He saw the man's eye take in the pile of homburg and briefcase, the coat neat on top, and then the man looked at him, from his feet up to his face, a long look from old wise eyes. "You've helped," the man said. "Haven't you?"

"Yes, but..." Tressiter stuttered, wanting to explain, wanting the man to see how hopeless it would have been, and above all wanting now to act in some way—so that he stumbled after the man up the shingle to the hut, thinking that perhaps the old eyes had not accused, that he had misheard a note of sarcasm. As the man passed through the verandah, Tressiter said: "Can't I get you some brandy?"

The man said over his shoulder, "We've got brandy." And he was left standing there in the porch. A moment later the door, rattling all its glass, was slammed in his face.

He stood there soaked through, dreadful tears of injustice rising. Now the boy was all right shouldn't he, Tressiter, have some brandy too? Hadn't he gone in after the kid? Here he was miles from home, wet, cold, exhausted. . . . He went down the beach to his clothes, picked them up and started towards the distant huts. Mrs. Albee, he thought, Mrs. Albee. He could have gone to the café—but it was too near the beach, they would hear about it. "Mrs. Albee!" he cried, "Mrs. Albee!" stumbling through the weeds and the old cans and wire to her safe, creosoted door.

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Eastern Variations

MOSCOW IMPRESSIONS: *Nora Beloff*

AT THE precise moment when the French Socialist Ministers, MM. Mollet and Pineau, were toasting the end of the cold war and the dawn of East-West understanding, two Paris correspondents who should have been reporting these cheerful events were standing in the rain on the Vilna airport conducting a losing argument with a Soviet security policeman. Owing to visa vicissitudes, an American colleague and myself had got left out of the Paris party for Moscow and found ourselves landing on Soviet soil just as the Franco-Soviet conference we were scheduled to report was winding up.

We had at least hoped to be in Moscow on Friday evening, as the conference ended on Saturday morning, but it did not take very heavy weather to ground the rickety little Dakota-type aircraft, which is the only model used by the Russians on their commercial flights. (They have had the sense to ban Western companies—all of which use larger and more modern planes—from landing in U.S.S.R. territories.) At Vilna we had written out our dozen regulation "no"s, listing what our baggage did not contain: I remember these included opium and spotted reindeer horns. On the way back we were to be asked again to certify that we were not carrying out an identical list of commodities.

After the formalities and feeding, we began to be aware we were going to miss the penultimate act of our Moscow news story, and spend the better part of the night at the Vilna airport, a new stone building, adorned with vast and unfunctional pillars and porticos, which would have been unprepossessing even in happier circumstances.

We decided to profit from our enforced delay by visiting Vilna: my colleague having innocently observed that he could not remember a message in a Western newspaper datelined Vilna for twenty years. We asked the uniformed official from Intourist to call a taxi. His efforts to persuade us we risked missing our plane foundered against growing evidence that the pilot had no intention of leaving. He then went out to call for a car and returned an hour later to say that unfortunately it had broken down on the way. Undiscouraged, we asked for another one. Half an hour later, in a state of considerable excitement, he told us to come downstairs to the front entrance as the taxi was arriving. At the entrance to the airport we saw spotlights flashed on a very small car which stopped briefly: by the time it reached us there was a security policeman sitting next to the driver. He had come to tell us that in the Eastern provinces of the U.S.S.R. you need special travel permits: our visas mentioned Leningrad and Moscow, why did we want to go to Vilna? The question, as it appeared, was rhetorical: whatever our reasons, Soviet security was evidently not considered compatible with having foreigners wandering around newly annexed frontier regions.

There was nothing left but to pay the twenty-four roubles (forty-eight shillings at the official exchange rate) for the taxi return fare from Vilna to the airport, and to speculate about what life must be like in that city.

IT WAS soon after seven the next morning that a plush Intourist limousine drove us into Moscow. The first impression was of a clean, rather dilapidated city, badly needing a fresh coat of paint; vast unencumbered roads; incongruous skyscrapers topped by towers; queues of fifty or sixty women out-

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side the dairies, waiting for their morning milk (I discovered later that milk is the last of the grave Moscow shortages); people decently but shabbily dressed. The size and shape of the city suggested a population of about a million. In fact I was to learn there are eight million Muscovites already, and despite stringent rules against issuing labour and living permits, the number is still rising.

Finally, the golden knobs of the Kremlin came into view and the car drew up outside the National Hotel, one of the three Intourist hotels, which is all the Russians have, at present, to accommodate the hoards of Western tourists who are clamouring to take advantage of the détente. (Already accommodation rather than security is the principal reason for visa delays.) A friendly middle-aged English-speaking receptionist, wearing a woolly emerald-green dress and sitting under a life-size portrait of Stalin, welcomed us in. She said she had been waiting for us since ten the night before and we said we had had a bad night too.

I was lucky enough to be given a room looking out over the Red Square, a vast open space, larger than the Place de la Concorde, which accommodates Moscow's two great institutions: the Kremlin on the one side and the all-purpose department store GUM (Moscow's nearest equivalent to New York's Gimbel's) on the other. In his later years Stalin had GUM closed, sensing the danger, or perhaps the impropriety, of having the populace doing its shopping just across the road from his palace. Its reopening is one of the many measures taken by his successors to placate the public. The new leaders have in fact completely broken from the Stalinist tradition of remoteness and mystery. On the contrary, I saw them coming out of the principal football match of the year (Dynamo versus Spartak—Moscow's equivalent to the Cup Final), allowing themselves to be pushed around in the crowds as if they were no more equal than the others. Although from my room I could not see the entrance to the Mausoleum where Stalin still lies embalmed next to Lenin, the winding queues waiting to go in, turning down the road from the Red Square and skirting the walls of the public garden half a kilometre away, ended just in front of the hotel.

I was told by Russians that all provincial visitors coming to the capital feel they must be able to report that they have actually seen the bodies—doubtless as the French provincial feels he has not really "done" Paris until he has been to the Eiffel Tower, the Opera, and the Follies. It would be hard to say whether curiosity or veneration is the motive force. Certainly a good many people enjoy the newly acquired freedom to revile Stalin. A taxi-driver taking a Russian-speaking diplomat across the Square violently denounced the dead leader for isolating Russia from the outside world and cutting her off from her friends. Then, driving across the bridge and with the Kremlin still in sight, he seems to have paused a moment to adjust his historical perspective: "Oh well," he added, "that is the way it has always been. Sometimes the Czars are good. Sometimes they are bad."

The Russians themselves are wondering whether and where his desanctified remains will be deposited. While I was there, it was generally believed that a vacant plot was being prepared at the Novadeviche Monastery next to the grave of his second wife. I went along to see and there is certainly plenty of space. The woman keeper likes to show visitors the backless stone bench in front of Madame Stalin's tomb, where the old man used to come and sit during his moods of remembrance.

The monastery itself is now a museum, though still adorned by a magnificent cross. Behind, the church remains open to worshippers and when I went it was the scene of a well-attended funeral served by a magnificent boys' choir. Nearly all the principal Communist leaders are buried there, within the shadow of the Cross and in sanctified ground. I noticed that the parents of Marshal Bulganin were buried in the forties: their tombstone consists of a defiantly large cross, complete with a religious inscription.

It was curious how in a country where religious education has been forbidden for

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several generations, God remains so prominent in ordinary speech: phrases like "God forbid!" "God bless you!" and "God be with you" are part of the vernacular I heard used by the young as well as the old.

IT WAS easy to adopt the pattern of life of Moscow's foreign correspondents who have three principal activities: reading the Soviet press, frequenting their respective embassies, and doing the round of diplomatic parties.

Although the Soviet government still declines to provide the Western press with information, and there is no such thing as ministerial public relations, it is paradoxically easier for a journalist to meet, be introduced, and talk to the Soviet leaders than to have personal contact with political chiefs in the Western capitals. This can be done any week through embassy parties. Each embassy has a National Day (Independence Day for the United States, the Queen's birthday for the British, Bastille Day for the French, etc.) and in each case the whole foreign press corps has the right to insist on being invited.

Not all the parties get all the Soviet bosses. On the contrary, one way of estimating Soviet favours is to see which members of the Præsidium deign to come. During the time I was there, the Argentinians had to make do with Molotov and Gromyko, whereas the Afghans had Bulganin, but did not quite make Khrushchev, and "everybody who *is* anybody" turned up for the Queen's birthday. "How things have changed!" a British diplomat observed. "It was almost an international incident—and everybody thought we were terribly spoilt—when just Mikoyan came alone to our party two years ago."

Conversation on these occasions in which Excellencies, journalists, and comrades-ministers participate, generally stays on bantering level, with wisecracks and jokes which spare nobody. Sometimes the Russians choose to play politics. No member of the French delegation will forget the party given by the Russians themselves at the Kremlin to celebrate the Franco-Soviet agreement (which carried a friendly reference to French policy in Algeria) and how Khrushchev summoned the Middle Eastern embassies, made sure the press was listening, and raised his glass to "the independence of the Arab peoples."

Contacts on a lower level are still unstable. A young British diplomat tried inviting two of his opposite numbers in the Soviet Foreign Ministry to cocktails. One of them came, drank, and seemed to enjoy himself. The other, offering neither thanks nor apologies, confined himself to the observation: "Your invitation will be taken into consideration," and stayed away.

A British colleague tried to induce a member of *Pravda's* editorial staff to share a meal with us, but after repeated refusals we agreed instead to go and meet him in the spacious modern offices which now house the Soviet Communist Party's official organ. He received us under a portrait of Stalin and laughed at our obvious astonishment: "Why not?" he asked. He told us that he was responsible on the paper for articles about Asia and Africa—"My empire is bigger than the British"—and I took him up at once on a five-column article I had read that morning in *Pravda* on the world's struggle against the imperialist (Western) yoke, and which mentioned countries all the way from Japan to Morocco inclusive, but without once mentioning Algeria, the only country where an anti-colonial war is being fought. I asked him if he thought this was honest, and he said as a matter of fact he was going to put in a paragraph on Algeria but—he did not have space.

After treating us to tea and biscuits, he took his turn to attack: he said British reporting of Soviet affairs was far more biassed than the Soviets' writing on Britain and added that visas ought to be refused to people who came to Russia deliberately to poison relations between their country and the Soviet Union. He mentioned as particularly preposterous the figures circulating about political prisoners. We asked how many people had been in the labour camps and what he thought of the estimate (accepted by our own Embassy) that up to a million people have now benefited from rehabilita-

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tion and amnesties. He replied that the number of prisoners was always exaggerated, but this was not his special subject and he did not have the figures. My colleague pointed to our difficulty in getting authorised information in Moscow and argued that it was so much easier in the West, where you could ring up and ask competent authorities. Our host, who had himself been a London correspondent for five years, said he found work easier in Moscow: "Everything which appears in *Pravda* is official," he pointed out, "whereas in England you could take *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, and *still* not know what was correct."

After our conversation, he offered to show us *Pravda's* printing presses, but although they were in the same building, a guard was posted at the door. He had his own pass, but it took protracted negotiations with the authorities before we were allowed to follow him in. I was told afterwards that security had been tightened up since a recent printing error attributed by some people to sabotage: an article, which should have been entitled "The struggle between Communism and Capitalism," had appeared in the paper as "The struggle between Communism and Socialism."

IT DID not seem to me, during the time I was there, that either in *Pravda* or anywhere else the public was being subjected to very dynamic Communist propaganda. Although the current campaign for recruiting five hundred thousand boys and girls to work in Siberia, which was launched the day I arrived, required ideological stimulus. The first proclamation, despatched from the Communist Party executive "to the Komsomols and all youth organisations," and which I first heard blasted from the loudspeakers on the Vilna airfield, wound up asking youth to sacrifice itself "for the strength of the Soviet people and the victory of world Communism." I noticed that in the English translation of the appeal, carried in the *Press Review* which is circulated by the Soviet authorities for British and American use, the last six words were omitted.

The only viciously anti-American propaganda I came across was in a play written not by a Russian but by the French fiction-and-philosophy writer Jean-Paul Sartre, and in which Moscow's best tragedy actress, Mme Orlova, played the lead. M. Sartre's *Putain Respectueuse*, when I originally saw it in Paris, had been a dry satirical one-act play. He had now collaborated in blowing it up into three acts (seven scenes) of astonishingly crude hate propaganda. I remember particularly one scene, set in a Southern senator's mansion, where the family are smugly watching commercial television, having paid the prostitute to say she had been raped by the Negro. Suddenly she realises the iniquity of the deal and is just about to proclaim the truth over the microphone (here the audience applauded) when she is brutally dragged off the screen by gangster-looking TV operators (here the audience booed).

I was later told by someone in the university that efforts to denigrate Americans among the élite run up against the tremendous respect the young Russian feels for the only country which he believes is technically ahead of his own. Apparently the speeches and exhibits tending to prove that the Americans have been flying espionage balloons or building tunnels under Soviet-held territory have consolidated this admiration.

ALL the Western colony in Moscow admits that the Russians, far from being xenophobes, are passionately interested in the outside world. It was the Russians themselves who started the joke: "Lenin believed in Communism, Stalin believed in terrorism, Khrushchev believes in tourism": and tourism is indeed now very much in the vogue.

I heard a lot about the first private boatloads of individual holidaymakers who will be allowed abroad this year. A Soviet woman, whose daughter is in her second year at college training to become a civil engineer, and is afterwards likely to be recruited for labour in Siberia, told me she is trying to raise the six thousand roubles (six hundred pounds at the official exchange rate and roughly eight months of semi-skilled workers' wages) so

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that, before going, her daughter can have a chance to visit Egypt, Italy, and France.

The younger generation of artists and architects are unashamedly gazing West. In Moscow's Architectural Institute, the heavy and over-ornate "People's Palace," which used to be the proudest symbol of Soviet culture, is now sternly criticised; and eager attention is paid to Western architectural journals and reviews, authorised for the first time. Books of visitors' comments, at the entrance to the art galleries, contain scathing criticism of what used to be judged masterpieces of "socialist realism," and during the French ministerial visit the enthusiasm for contemporary French art was one of the few manifestations which rang true.

Although anti-isolationism was the most conspicuous result of the de-Stalinisation process, the whole attitude to leaders and leadership seemed to be changing. I was told by one language student, who was trying to earn a little extra money by acting between his classes as Intourist interpreter, that in his own Komsomol they now have "free discussions" instead of just following the leader. One Soviet informant, who seemed well connected with the Party, told me that the Khrushchev secret report on Stalin had originally been distributed among the youth organisations, but the impact of the revelations had been so staggering that the document had had to be withdrawn from circulation after two or three days and was now no longer obtainable. My student-interpreter said that there was not much interest in politics. But it seems some people were suggesting that elections would be more interesting if there were more than one candidate or one list to choose from.

THE best first-hand account I received of the effects of Stalin's posthumous disgrace came from inside the new university buildings. It was there I met a postgraduate student, preparing a literary thesis, who though himself not a Soviet citizen, lived and worked in the new skyscraper building and had been fully admitted into university life. Having lived there before and after the Twentieth Party Congress, he said the atmosphere in the university was completely changed. He thought that the young Communist chiefs had been terribly shaken by the revelations about their idol. Young men and women Communist zealots, who in the old days used to think nothing of denouncing their colleagues or teachers for deviations from the absolute truth which Stalin symbolised, had lost their fanaticism. There could be no question of their allegiance being transferred to the new rulers. The young Communists brought up on the revolutionary tradition had, he said, nothing but contempt for the man who grovelled before Stalin in his lifetime and only dared turn against him when he was dead. The consequence, he said, was not so much opposition as disillusion and disbelief. Outside the classes of Marxism and dialectical materialism, which are compulsory for all faculties, students rarely talked politics. He found scepticism in some cases amounting to cynicism, particularly in the faculty of journalists, formed in the Moscow university since the end of the war. It occurred to me that that was perhaps why I had received no answer to repeated requests I had been making since I arrived to the Soviet authorities to be allowed to meet my budding colleagues, and study how Communist journalists are trained. With the disappearance of the fanatics a new academic species was coming into view which he described as *libres penseurs*: those, in other words, who saw Marx no longer as the prophet of a revealed religion but simply as one important innovator in the history of 19th century political economy. The emancipation, he said, was mostly apparent in the arts, but via æsthetics it was reaching to all the other spheres of intellectual activity.

From another student I heard that one internationally famous Soviet writer, having made his fortune by translating Shakespeare, was now writing, for his own and his friends' pleasure, an autobiographical novel containing scathing attacks on contemporary Soviet society which he hoped might one day be published abroad. The same writer has also

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recently written poems on mystical and religious themes drawn from the New Testament: politically-minded students have visited his home to copy them out and manuscripts are circulating today inside the university premises.

Coming out of the building into the sunshine, I strolled with my friends round the artificial lake: this is part of the highly stylised university gardens, which the Soviet authorities, despite the desperate post-war housing shortage, found labour and money to build. Belonging as I did to a generation brought up on George Orwell, on *Animal Farm* and *1984*, and on the assumption that the human mind can be pounded like soggy dough into any shape or form, it seemed fantastic that a young generation of Russians, born and bred in the worst era of Stalin's tyranny, could conserve so much inquisitiveness, humour, and irreverence, and that its intellectual élite should remain at the end of it all so very unsubdued. It occurred to me Orwell may have been wrong.

The next day I had to leave. It was only during the long plane journey back, piecing the bits together, that I realised Orwell must have been wrong.

THE POLISH "EARTHQUAKE": *K. A. Jelenski*

THE revolt of the Poznan workers was indisputably due to disastrous economic conditions which, in the absence of free trade unions, could be protested against in no other way. Some Western observers called it an "act of despair." But recent events ought to have taught us to distinguish between events that mark the end of a historical trend and those that herald new beginnings. The impulse behind the Poznan revolt was hope, not despair. Economic conditions were no better three years ago, but such overt resistance would have been unthinkable. What made it thinkable now was that radical change in the Polish climate of opinion caused by the shattering revelations about the true nature of Stalin and Stalinism.

. . . Stalin was a criminal, the political trials were merely a bloody farce, the prisons and camps of the Soviet Union and Poland are still full of innocent people, there is nothing to choose between the crimes of the Nazis and those of the Stalinists, the so-called "glorious dawn" turns out to have been rather a return to the "Dark Ages"; socialist realism was a weapon invented by Zhdanov in order to destroy art altogether, Polish literature during the past few years has been pitiable, painting has produced nothing but "murky canvases on hypocritical themes." And everyone knew this, and no one dared to protest. . . . These are the sort of things one reads nowadays in the official, Communist-controlled Polish press, in *Przeglad Kulturalny*, *Nowa Kultura*, *Zycie Literackie*, and even in *Tybuna Ludu*, the Polish counterpart of *Pravda*.

What is particularly worthy of note is that a number of problems which have *not* been dealt with in Moscow have, for the first time in ten years, been publicly aired in Poland—among them, the deportation of Poles from the territories occupied by the Soviet Union following the Ribbentrop–Molotov pact, the drama of the Warsaw Rising, and the persecution by the Communist régime of former Polish resistance workers who fought the Germans in the ranks of the "Home Army." Until now, these problems had been systematically eliminated from all public discussion, although they had continued to be a particularly sore point for the whole Polish people. Furthermore, with a freedom unknown in the Soviet Union, a discussion has started on some of the theoretical aspects of Marxism,

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and their application to social and economic life. In spite of half-hearted attempts to represent this as a "spontaneous" debate, and the somewhat naïve protestations of certain writers that they "have not been in the least influenced" by the Twentieth Congress, all this would obviously be unthinkable without the "earthquake" referred to by Wladyslaw Machejek, a veteran Communist, in the April 8th issue of *Zycie Literackie*:

"I have just received the statement made by Comrade Khrushchev on 'The Cult of the Individual and its Consequences.' It lays bare the personality of Stalin from an angle I had never suspected. Here is a brutal Stalin, Stalin not even bothering to heed the advice of the Politbureau, Stalin riddled with sickly suspicions, Stalin forging the theory that the class struggle must become increasingly acute merely in order to consolidate his own autocratic sway. And then the purges, and Communists being thrown into concentration camps. Stalin failing to convene either the Central Committee or Congress, Stalin failing to prepare the Soviet Union for war, because he trusted in Hitler. Stalin heaping praises upon himself, lending his ear to flatterers and to the villainous Beria. Stalin swallowed up, towards the end of his life, by a paroxysm of megalomania, and endangering the unity of the socialist camp and the whole international revolutionary movement.

". . . I cannot today plead ignorance as to the existence of concentration camps in the U.S.S.R. I cannot exonerate myself by pretending that I knew nothing about the deportation of Poles from Eastern Poland to Siberia, for reasons which were nearly always entirely unconnected with the class struggle. What then were the real reasons for these deportations? Besides, it was not only a question of Poles. I cannot pretend that I believed in the faults of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party, whose members were assassinated in the U.S.S.R. I have often wondered why so few Soviet arms were dropped by parachute to our Communist partisans. It seems to me that the distance between Kharkov and the forests of Lublin was no greater in 1943 than the distance between Palermo and Lublin: and yet British aircraft dropped arms to the Home Army. I shivered to think that perhaps the real reason lay in ancient suspicions, that there was no confidence in the new Workers' Party (the P.P.R.), the successor to the Polish Communist Party which had been baselessly accused of unworthy provocation. . . ."

Mythology and Truth

IN HIS report to the Nineteenth Congress of Culture and the Arts, the writer Jan Kott gave a rather more abstract interpretation of the "earthquake":

"During the past fifteen years, the Marxist conception of the historical process has been supplanted by a pragmatic interpretation. As in the good old days, in the heyday of the bourgeoisie, we were all ready to agree with Pope that everything that is, is necessary. . . . We wanted . . . not to know reality, but to explain it. Explain it and justify it—at all costs! Even at the cost of truth! Thus, increasingly, and before our very eyes, contemporary history turned into a mythology. If facts themselves became awkward, it was decreed that they did not exist. The doctrine imposed upon us, according to which each stage of the revolution and the construction of the Socialist State always marks a step forward, inevitably led up to the divine infallibility of the man who stood for the leadership of the Party. When one brings God into history, one is obliged to bring the devil in as well. When the person of the leader was transferred into the realm of myth, it meant that our ideological struggle itself, and our adversaries, real or imaginary, were also transferred into a mythical sphere. The theory of the sharpening of the class struggle and the conception of 'enemies of the people' contributed to this process. The myth gave rise to an inquisition. Every political trial became a witch-hunt.

"A literature in which the mention of crimes was forbidden, a literature powerless to deal with the theme of these trials, which revolted our conscience yet which for many years had constituted our daily reality, a literature thus gagged had no course but to plunge ever more deeply into falsehood, and to create an ever more fictitious picture of reality. . . .

"Those were dark years for our conscience and our reason, and many among us were involved in a deep personal conflict. And now we must answer to our own conscience and to others for our attitude towards these problems. . . . We gave our moral support to injustice, we gave our moral support to crime."

But who are "we"? Jan Kott is a Commu-

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nist who never bowed to the debasement of social realism in its most extreme phase, but who, from 1950 on, restricted himself to translations and scientific research. Nevertheless, he had played his part, between 1945 and 1950, in creating the atmosphere that finally he was to find unbreathable. Hence the reply of the art historian Karol Estreicher, who refuses, in the name of the majority of Polish intellectuals, to shoulder the responsibility referred to by Kott:

"'We wrote this, we did that, . . .'—to which I can only reply, personally, by a clear denial. We did not all do these things, only some of us. . . . I am not raising this point simply for personal reasons, but it must be borne in mind, for it is bound to have certain consequences. . . ."

Witold Wirpsza, a young Communist writer, asks how he and his friends were able to continue so long on "a daily diet of lies":

"Were we really so cut off as not to know anything about the crimes and perversions of the period that has just ended, as to be able to say, like the Germans after the entry of the allied armies: 'We didn't know Auschwitz existed until you told us'?"

Wirpsza lays the blame on the Leninist doctrine of "objectivity": everyone was perfectly well aware of the crimes and injustices that were being perpetrated, but people persuaded themselves that they were "objectively necessary."

"Oh, that little word, 'objective'! If Lenin could have foreseen what disasters were to be caused by its misuse, he would surely have banished it from his vocabulary."

But it was not only a question of "objective lies."

"Above all, we were afraid—it has to be admitted, for there was a real reign of terror—we were afraid that if we didn't swallow such lies, we would be swallowed up ourselves."

The Home Army

THE fate of former members of the Home Army, the A.K., who fought the Germans under the orders of the Polish Government in exile in London, is linked with the problem of the Warsaw Rising. After the war, the former members of the A.K. were steadily discriminated against. Those who were not actually imprisoned or deported were nevertheless unable to find employment, and thus came to be known as the "exiles within."

For all that, the heroism of the Home Army has proved a tenacious legend, and it was the younger generation of Polish Communists who first raised the question of their "rehabilitation" in the weekly youth paper *Po Prostu*.

On April 8th, *Nowa Kultura* published a long article by Edmund Osmanczyk, which forms a sort of dossier on the whole affair. Some time earlier, Osmanczyk had broadcast over Warsaw Radio on the Home Army and the need for its rehabilitation, and had concluded by saying:

"We must all of us actively co-operate in tracking down and combatting every unjust measure, great or small, perpetrated on those who, in reply to the personal enquiry addressed to them, admitted to having fought the Nazi invader in the ranks of the Home Army."

What is even more striking is the vast number of letters that Osmanczyk received after making his broadcast. For the first time, we find the Polish press conveying a genuine reflection of public opinion. *Nowa Kultura* states that a number of these letters were signed.

This gesture by the press seems, however, to have left the former members of the A.K. unconvinced. One wrote:

"Rehabilitation must be initiated by the official authorities, and not in the form of articles in the newspapers. . . . In the first place, freedom should be restored to all those who formerly fought against the Nazi occupation, who were unjustly sentenced, and who are now in various prisons and concentration camps. After that . . . the Party and the Government should raise the question of repatriating the former members of the Home Army who were deported to Russia."

Another correspondent takes an even more pessimistic view:

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"All attempts at remedying this problem are already too late. . . . Let those whom you have entrusted with discussing the members of the A.K. finish the job. We fought, we shed our blood and later our tears, and we cannot now accept this 'magnanimity' which comes twelve years too late. You have no right to call for novels, films, and plays which would resurrect the members of the A.K. who have been slandered and trampled underfoot."

Workers and Privileged Classes

DURING the past two years, one had grown used to seeing a surprising freedom of expression on literary and artistic problems. What is new is to see this freedom extended to the economic and social spheres. Of course, there had been a certain amount of discussion in these spheres before now, on particular matters, but it had been designed to act either as a "safety valve" or merely to lead to increased production. For example, there had been talk of factories working badly, of workers' canteens being badly organised, or confusion in the construction of houses for the workers, but obviously no one dared express any doubts as to the basic principles on which economic and social life was organised. The Polish Communist weekly *Kronika* not long ago published an article on "Economic Inconsistencies," an article which was reprinted by *Zycie Literackie*. In this article, the economist Bohdan Drozdowski tries to explain why the myth of "socialist emulation" has been shattered. In doing so, he produces an argument which, until very recently, would have seemed the rankest heresy:

"One cannot increase production without ensuring that the workers get a larger share of the profits. No one wants to work long hours for little pay. I have a friend, a specialist, who has just been telling me how he finds it better to slow down his rate of work. Everyone knows that when various anniversaries come round—the First of May, or the anniversary of the October Revolution—one has to promise to produce more. If my friend continued to work all the year round at the maximum rate, how would he have anything in reserve to fulfil all these special demands? There is a further reason: as soon as the workers in a factory speed up their rate of work, the norms on which they are paid are increased, which means in effect that, while they receive no more pay, they are expected to work that much harder. It is high time that the workers were told: 'Comrades, we are no longer going to raise the norms as often as we have done in the past. We are going, instead, to establish fixed norms, for a period of, say, three years.' If such measures were taken, I am sure that the habit of working to rule would cease. But until only recently, no one dared to put forward such a measure, since it would have been regarded as counter-revolutionary."

The writer of this article also shows how the whole system of record production levels was built on fraud:

"It is well known that many of these heroes of labour were given the assistance of special teams, allotted to them by the factory management, who were only too proud to claim such champions among their personnel."

Drozdowski then goes on to compare the relative cost of production in a capitalist and a communist society:

"It is no secret that the older workers joke among themselves by saying that, if the former Polish factory owners—the Geyers, the Scheiblers, the Poznanskis—had managed only to reach present production levels, with all the additional burden of the present bureaucratic superstructure, they would have been ruined within a matter of days. The Geyers had no directors who specialised in questions of competitive output, and yet any old Polish workman will tell you that we still have much to learn from them."

Yet the most sensational aspect of this article is the conclusion which the writer reaches: for the first time in Poland, he is bold enough to discuss whether the trades unions should be independent:

"The first step is to do away with the whole bureaucracy of competitive labour. We must get rid of all the officials, and entrust the matter to the trades unions themselves: but that can only be done if the trades unions cease to be a purely fictitious and sham organisation, and once more become an active force in the workers' lives. Without the co-operation of the trades unions,

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which for their part should remain in close contact with the rank and file, it is hardly to be expected that we can raise the working norms."

"The Dark Ages"

"WE HAVE just emerged from the Dark Ages," declared the poet Antoni Slonimski, at the Nineteenth Congress of Culture and the Arts:

"There are few periods in the whole history of philosophy in which intolerance has been taken to such a pitch as during the past few years. The persecutions inflicted on free thought at the beginning of the Renaissance, or in the 17th and 18th centuries, seem like a golden age when compared with the period through which we have been passing, and which, we are happy to say, is now ending."

This is what Slonimski has to say about "socialist realism":

"The first scandalous deformation of the Marxist classics was the Soviet Writers' Congress of 1936. It was then that Zhdanov, basing himself on certain of Gorki's remarks and exploiting his prestige as a writer, fabricated the doctrine of socialist realism, and he then entrusted this precision instrument, designed to annihilate art altogether, to bureaucrats who for twenty years wielded their destructive power with a zeal and enthusiasm made only sharper by fear."

For the first time, Slonimski also speaks in defence of the literature and art of pre-war Poland:

"We must remember that it was then that Kruczkowski wrote his Kordian and the Serf and that Broniewski published his best poems. We must remember that the magnificent theatrical achievement of a Léon Schiller took place during those twenty years. . . . We know, and we must acknowledge the fact without bitterness, that it was the People's Republic of Poland that destroyed Schiller. And here, I am deliberately restricting myself to Polish artists of the extreme Left, to members of the Communist Party. Our comrades Stande, Wandurski, Bruno Jasienski [Polish writers liquidated in the U.S.S.R.] *perished in prisons far from Polish soil."*

And this is how the painter Zbigniew Pronaszko defines social-realist art, until a short time ago the only "progressive" art:

"We know what that sort of realism meant . . . a tractor, a pile of bricks, and factories, and more factories. . . . The whole thing done with camera-like fidelity, and drowned in a sauce of greyish mud."

Such criticism is not in itself new. Up to the Nineteenth Congress of Culture and the Arts, however, it had seemed to be confined to a very limited group. Now we have the spectacle of writers outside this group acquiring the right to criticise: it is not surprising that they should demand explanations from critics officially pledged to the régime. The poet Arthur Sandauer put it best, when he declared that, in spite of the alleged "freedom of discussion," certain limits were still being tacitly observed. As to the nature of those limits, those best acquainted with totalitarian systems will not be surprised to learn that they concern personalities:

"There are always questions that no one talks about in public. I shall endeavour, in my speech, to go beyond that limitation.

"The sort of things that everyone knows about, yet no one must mention, are, first and foremost, personal questions. No one gets worked up if you say that our régime is worthless, but just try saying that our Comrade Brandys is a mere graphomaniac—and see the dust that's kicked up! . . . The Congress must come to certain practical conclusions as to how our artistic life is to be reorganised. For if we resign ourselves to the ideology of 'heroic opportunism,' according to which only those who have wrecked the machine have the right to mend it, we shall not get very far."

The Uses of "Leninism"

IT IS no easy task to analyse these developments, and for two reasons: it cannot be studied in isolation from the changes which have occurred in the U.S.S.R., and at the same time it contains a number of specifically Polish aspects.

Until only recently, we were accustomed to look upon the Soviet bloc as a monolithic structure. For one thing, it presented a unified conception of the world and of history,

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an absurd conception, admittedly, but a perfectly integrated one. In the second place, that conception was imposed *en bloc* on every one of the satellite countries (and similarly on the Western Communist parties).

Within this conception (consisting of the totality of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism and its application to the making of history and the interpretation of events, to politics, science, and ethics, to literature and art), the Communist — and the opportunist — could exist quite happily, shielded from "truth" by a smooth impregnable wall. They could even indulge in excursions outside the wall of their conceptions, arming themselves with "esoteric" interpretations, in order to survey with the lofty scorn of initiates the "truth" which they had no scruple in rejecting as "objectively harmful."

Because of this situation, many Western experts maintained that nothing could change in the U.S.S.R. without the total collapse of the régime. They would not accept the idea that the Soviet régime might be able to correct merely certain aspects of its history, and achieve a partial dismantling of its mythology. To such minds, it seemed that the gigantic lie must go on gathering weight like a snowball, that the régime must devise ever more elaborate fictions to account for its past crimes, and that fresh versions would continue to be forged always with the same mythological apparatus, ranging from bloody purges and false confessions to the elimination of pages from the encyclopædia. It seemed, in short, that the whole ridiculous structure would stand only so long as none of its elements was removed, including the genetics of Lysenko and the stultified conventionalism of its art.

But history, in the short-term view at least, has once more made mock of such "logical" arguments. The new collective dictators have abandoned certain myths, and have left other identical and parallel myths undisturbed. Hence all the contradictions and surprises that occur even in a debate as bold and free as that which has been taking place in Poland. The trial of Rajk was based on falsehood and injustice. But the trial of Slansky, which rested on the same basis and was conducted by the same methods, remains an expression of "popular justice." And while the people are told that the notion of the "enemy" has led to senseless abuses, Beria continues to be portrayed as its arch exemplar, the "enemy" incarnate.

But the tendency in Poland is to avoid what myths still remain. One even glimpses, through certain bold allusions, an indication that people are now able to force themselves to struggle against such myths, without actually attacking them openly. Thus, one found allusions to the baneful rôle of Vyshinsky, even before Moscow posthumously rebuked him. And the way in which Kott and others speak of "witch-hunts" leaves little doubt as to their attitude towards the trials of Kostov or Slansky.

In all this, Polish writers and journalists are obviously obliged to lean frequently for support on Lenin and "Leninism." It is interesting to note that, when the Poles refer to the Lenin period, what they lay stress on is its relative freedom. One strongly suspects that their devotion to Leninism may be more pragmatic than ideological. Leninist arguments are now being employed in Poland as a form of ideological insurance, as a means of trying to broaden, more or less consciously, the margin of freedom with the backing of an irrefutable authority. If a Polish painter praises to the skies the Soviet art of the Lenin period, it is because he wants Polish artists to be free to paint as they like. If a poet asserts that Zhdanov perverted the principles of Marxism-Leninism in literature, it is in order to strengthen still further the present reaction against the monotony, the insipidity, and the hypocrisy of "socialist realism." If an economist discusses the question of the increased productivity that could be achieved by a strict application of the precepts of Marxism-Leninism, it is because he wants to diminish the exploitation of the worker and the abuses of a hypertrophied bureaucracy. If a journalist lays the primary stress on the veteran Communists wrongfully imprisoned or deported, it is so that he can *also* denounce the deportation of Poles to Siberia, and the deten-

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tion of former resistance workers and "non-Party" men. Here, then, in the case of Poland, is one of the most striking consequences of the "new line": for the first time it is possible to employ principles officially recognised by the highest authorities of the Party in the service of freedom, and in defence of the interests of an entire people.

The Polish Way

THERE is another watchword which would seem to be of particular significance for Poland. It is the phrase used by Khrushchev during the Soviet reconciliation with Tito, when he spoke of there being "different paths to socialism." Soviet policy obviously observes this principle of equality only in the case of Yugoslavia: there is no question, for the moment, of its being extended to the "people's democracies." But Poland is the only country in the Soviet bloc where one can find at least allusions to this principle. If a Polish journal (*Przeglad Kulturalny*) is able to assert that a truly independent Poland would be in the interests of the U.S.S.R., that implies an implicit recognition of the limitations of Poland's present "independence." The rehabilitation of Gomulka and Spychalski (which appears to have been brought about, at least in part, by mass pressure within the Party) seems to confirm these tendencies.

It was probably the peculiar position of the Polish Communist Party which helped to spare Poland from the reign of terror which was unleashed in the other satellite countries. The Polish Communists have never been able to forget the unjust and ignominious dissolution of their Party in 1938. Even the present leaders, although they bowed to every Soviet command and made themselves the docile instruments of Stalin's will, must have retained a bitter memory of the liquidation of their comrades in Soviet prisons. The same thing has happened with certain religious orders dissolved by the Catholic Church: they submit to its decrees, but a painful complex nevertheless persists. It was perhaps because of a similar complex that Gomulka and Spychalski were spared the fate of Rajik and Slansky. I was told recently of a veteran Polish woman Communist who, during a public meeting, suddenly broke off in the middle of her speech and burst into tears: it was a few days after the rehabilitation of the Polish Communist Party, and for the first time she was able to evoke the memory of her father, a Communist assassinated in the Soviet Union. One wonders what effect that fact must have had, buried in the depths of her memory during all those years. Just recently it was revealed for the first time that Bierut had received his Marxist education from Professor Hempel, a sort of Polish Lukacs, who also perished in a Soviet prison. After the rehabilitation of the Party, and not long before Bierut died, *Trybuno Ludu* published a photograph of the young Bierut together with an elderly gentleman. Thus Polish readers made the acquaintance of Hempel, "Bierut's mentor." The fact that Bierut's funeral (as Wanda Leopold tells us in *Przeglad Kulturalny*) was seized upon by the Poles as the occasion for an anti-Soviet demonstration (an obvious allusion to the rumours circulating in Poland about the suspect circumstances of Bierut's death in Moscow), shows that Poland is indeed taking its own new "path" within the Soviet bloc. The real question is not whether the path is indeed "new"; it is, rather, how far it will be permitted to extend.

Rubashov and the "New Faith"

IN HIS *The Captive Mind*, Czeslaw Milosz put forward a subtle analysis of the psychic mechanism of those who accept the principles of the "New Faith." His conception did, indeed, seem to offer an explanation of the otherwise incomprehensible conversions. And, in the West, we tended to attribute to the intellectuals of the "people's democracies" all those manœuvres of conscience, interpretation, and adaptation that Milosz revealed. Yet the debate that is now going on in Poland seems to demonstrate that the Polish mind was never quite so "captive," after all.

In attributing the transformation of Polish

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intellectuals into Communist heresiarchs to the fascination exerted over them by "History," by "the Revolution," and by "objective processes," Milosz shows us people who, under the spell of hypnosis, accept the worst crimes committed around them without a word of protest. In the theory advanced by Milosz, the weaknesses of individuals are to be attributed to the magnetic power of the system. And yet, the moment the ban on certain topics was raised in Poland, it became evident that nearly everyone was perfectly well aware of the underlying realities. One is therefore tempted to inquire whether fear and the secret police were not a more decisive factor than any "fascination exerted by History"; whether opportunism did not play a greater rôle than any interpretation of "objective processes"; and whether the attraction of the "New Faith" was not considerably less important than plain human weakness.

In the same way, we have recently witnessed the collapse of another interpretation of the Soviet world: the Rubashov myth of *Darkness at Noon*. At one time, the pact reached by Galkin and Rubashov seemed to offer the only key to the terrifying mystery of the Moscow trials. But now Alexander Werth, writing in *France-Observateur*, has revealed that the few survivors of those trials who were recently released have offered a much more simple explanation: their confessions were obtained by torture, by interminable interrogations, or by the promise of a new life under a false name in some remote corner of Russia. Those who are now dead were made to confess by the same methods. Even Khrushchev, in his famous speech, himself referred to the *dachas* (or country villas) they were promised, adding with somewhat macabre humour, "and the *dacha* happened to be under the ground." Thus, with the end of the Stalin myth, two myths created by anti-Stalinist analysis have also ended: the myth of the "New Faith" and the myth of Rubashov.

Koestler and Milosz painted a picture of Communist reality stripped of illusion. But each, in a different sphere, tried to explain how it was that, even in a police state which no longer retained the least connection with the Communist ideal, a certain belief in the revolutionary myth should still persist. Now, as more and more detailed information reaches us on the Soviet universe, we discover that the prestige of that myth stands a good deal lower than we had thought. The changes now in progress will continue for a long time yet to be justified by Marxist and Leninist phraseology. But their pragmatic character grows ever more clear.

It is in Poland, for a number of particular historical reasons—Poland's rôle in the last war, the traditional nationalism of the Poles, their tenacious (if superficial) attachment to the Catholic religion, the relatively small number of Polish Communists and their persecution in the past—that the new pragmatic approach has the best chance of developing. Recently, the Prime Minister, Cyrankiewicz, speaking before Parliament, quoted at length from an article by Juliusz Mieroszewski, which appeared in the April number of *Kultura*, a review published by Polish exiles in Paris, in which Mieroszewski stressed the fact that opinions far removed from Communism can now be expressed in Poland, as long as the present framework of the state is accepted. We have thus reached the paradoxical position in which the head of a totalitarian state is able to quote from a review published by exiles resolutely opposed to all forms of totalitarianism, presumably with the aim of gaining the support of public opinion. How long this position can be maintained—or pushed still further forward—is perhaps the key question in European politics today.

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C. A. R. Crosland

"... About Equality" (II)

Is Equal Opportunity Enough?

SOME reformers would be content with the strictly limited goal of equal opportunity. If everyone, they argue, has an equal chance of scaling the heights, if every worker carries a managing director's brief-case in his knapsack, why worry about the length of the climb or the unequal distribution of rewards? The essential thing is that every citizen should have an equal chance—that is his basic democratic right; but provided the start is fair, let there be the maximum scope for individual self-advancement.

Conservatives like to claim that this is the doctrine of modern Tory radicalism; and the "ladder" concept has now become the ideological myth of the 'progressive' British Tory, who allegedly finds his ideal in those societies, such as Australasia, Canada, and, above all, the United States, which appear to embody it most completely.

But I deliberately stress the words "myth" and "allegedly," for I do not believe that such a society in any way resembles the true ideal of most Conservatives. Consider its most obvious implications: completely free, competitive entry into industry; an end to all nepotism and favouritism; a diminution, if not the virtual elimination, of inheritance; the abolition of fees in public schools; and generally the extrusion of all hereditary influences in our society—and contrast these with actual Conservative policies in these various spheres, and with their emotional attachment to precisely the most traditional and hereditary features of British life.

It is in fact a complete illusion that British Conservatives really want a mobile equal-opportunity society on the American pattern. They may say they do, in order to wear the mantle of reformers, and to lend some plausibility to their reiterated claims to be the party of adventure and initiative; and because in praising America they appear to be praising free enterprise and capitalism. But a moment's thought will show that the sweeping reforms required to create such a society would be anathema to them, and that their true ideology is poles apart from the restless, egalitarian ideology of contemporary America. This indeed comes much closer, though this is not always understood in England, to the egalitarian ideas of the Left than to the more static, conservative instincts of the Right.

The High Cost of Ambition?

FROM the point of view of the reformer, the equal-opportunity society has much to commend it. It avoids the deeply felt injustice of hereditary status. It allows more intercourse between the classes. By lowering the barriers and stimulating movement in both directions it at least diminishes *collective* feelings of superiority and inferiority. And,

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lastly, it provides an admirably efficient method of selection for the highest posts; the fools are weeded out, only the fittest can survive, and the consequent high calibre of the men at the top must be beneficial to economic progress.

But it is now fashionable to inveigh against a "competitive ladder" society on socio-psychological grounds. It must, it is said, lead to new and alarming evils. Its basic features will be a marked degree of social fluidity, such that the individual knows he could attain a higher status (as he cannot in a feudal society); an exceptional ease of invidious comparison, since there are no rigid barriers between the different levels; and a general determination to rise since rewards at the top far exceed anything available lower down, and since both social prestige and psychological self-validation depend upon success in the competitive struggle. Thus every individual, spurred on by his invidious comparisons and the glittering prizes ahead, will both aim at a higher status and, because the door to self-advancement seems wide open, think he can attain it. Hence will be bred a universal, restless itch to rise in the social scale.

But the resulting accent on emulation and ambition, it is said, so far from increasing contentment, must certainly diminish it, and lead to general insecurity. Whereas in a hereditary system competition is severely limited, now it becomes quite general. And as the area of competition and the scope for self-advancement are increased, so the ratio of failure to opportunity must increase. A hereditary society, denying the opportunity to rise, avoids also the sense of failure at not having risen; but if all have the opportunity, and only 10 per cent succeed, 90 per cent are conscious of having failed, and suffer a loss of self-esteem. And the more unequal the rewards, the greater will be the frustration from failure, the more ruthless the competition, the more bitter the intolerance shown to rivals. Moreover, acquisitiveness is intensified inasmuch as higher status depends, in Veblenesque fashion, on high consumption standards, and so on making money.

Such is the society — restless, insecure, aggressive, and acquisitive—that results from the pursuit of equal opportunity, if these writers are to be believed. The inevitable consequences are increased discontent in the lower ranks of society, psycho-somatic diseases on a wide scale, and a maladjusted, neurosis-prone community. The United States is supposedly already in the grip of these ailments, and Britain is showing distinct symptoms of infection.

The Problematics of "Mental Health"

SURELY we are faced here with a positive mountain of irrelevance and exaggeration, even though an element of truth lies buried under it.

First, there is no evidence to justify definite statements to the effect that psychoses, neuroses, and psycho-somatic diseases are more common today than in previous epochs. Alarming figures are quoted of the amount of absenteeism due to mental illness, the incidence of stomach ulcers, the number of mental patients, and so on; but of course comparable figures can rarely be quoted for earlier periods. In fact such little comparative evidence as exists does not support these conclusions; according to a recent American study, there has been no increase in the incidence of psychoses over the last hundred years despite the alleged increase in competitiveness, status struggle, and insecurity.

Even if one could demonstrate an increase in mental disorders, it still need not be due to external social or economic factors. A strict Freudian, for example, would presumably argue that the proneness of society to nervous disorders varied only with the degree of restraint imposed by the prevailing cultural *mores* on the individual's basic instinctual drives. But, of course, the fact is that the psychological sciences are not yet sufficiently mature to warrant any dogmatic statements about the social causes of neuroses.

But suppose we forget the flamboyant talk of mental ailments, and confine ourselves to the more modest proposition that personal insecurity and discontent may well be due to

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social causes, it would still not follow, even if they could be shown to be more widespread than a hundred years ago, that this was *necessarily* due to social causes, still less to the particular social factor of mobility and competitiveness. It might be due to climatic, or dietetic, or racial, or religious, or a host of other possible influences. Switzerland, for example, which enjoys only a placid degree of competition, is said to have the highest divorce and suicide rate in the world.

At any rate, to prove the full anti-competitive thesis, it would at least need to be shown that contemporary Anglo-Saxon society, by virtue of its increased fluidity, did now lay an exaggerated stress on ruthless competition and egocentric aggression. Then a *prima facie* case might be said to exist. But if even this cannot be shown, there is little left to answer.

It evidently cannot be shown of Britain. Whatever may have been the case in the heyday of Victorian capitalism, or even in the 1920's, British society and industry today, so far from being a breeding-ground for aggressive self-assertion, are psychologically oriented towards security, group solidarity, restrictive practices, safe markets, and a quiet life with long weekends, regular golf, and a place in the country.

However, Britain is not really a suitable test-case, for we still retain a rather static, rigid pattern of social relations. It is to the U.S.A. that we must turn for evidence: to a society undeniably fluid and dynamic, ostensibly parading to the world an ideology of competitive free enterprise, and allegedly the archetype of the aggressive, acquisitive society with all its attendant discontents. If this picture of the U.S.A. is accurate, it might indeed suggest that social mobility was inseparable from ruthless competition and so, in turn, from aggression and insecurity.

But I believe this picture to be largely mythical, even though some credulous Americans themselves accept it. It is not that insecurity is absent, but that it is mainly due to causes other than aggressive competition or an ethos of individualistic struggle for pre-eminence. These now represent neither the true prevailing ideology nor the actual pattern of behaviour.

American Ideology and American Facts

FIRST, whatever business spokesmen may assert at their annual conventions, unrestricted free enterprise is no longer the effective ruling ideology in the U.S.A. Political attitudes are a good guide to ideological trends; and it is now a quarter of a century since a party genuinely wedded to unrestricted free enterprise gained a popular majority. Twenty years of New Deal and Fair Deal, of anti-business bias and "creeping socialism," have been followed by a Republican Administration still committed to social security, which has maintained the New Deal virtually intact, and even so cannot command a majority of the popular vote without the aid of President Eisenhower. The disciples of extreme *laisser-faire* are confined to the Right-wing of the Republican Party; and the natural bias of the electorate is, as in Britain, towards a position a little left of centre. The most symbolic event in recent American history was the successful opposition, even under a Republican régime, to the private-enterprise Dixon-Yates contract, lest it impinge too heavily on the publicly-owned T.V.A.

I do not mean that the current ideology is positively *anti*, only that it is no longer ardently *pro*, unrestricted free enterprise. Many American business leaders, more sensitive to shifting opinion than some sociologists, have observed the change, and become so alarmed at the decline of faith that they have launched a prodigious advertising campaign to rally their support. This is surely significant. If the free-enterprise creed were still in the ascendant, there would be no need to set up Americans for the Competitive Enterprise System Inc.; no need for 8,000 outdoor posters, 136,000 car cards, and three million radio "listener impressions" on the Free Enterprise theme; no need for General Motors to produce a full-length Hollywood film on the merits of the profit system; or for General Electric, Procter and Gamble,

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Republic Steel, and many other firms to make free distributions of Free Enterprise comics.

"All in all, the Free Enterprise campaign is shaping up as one of the most intensive sales campaigns in the history of industry—in fact, it is fast becoming very much of an industry itself. At the current rate, it is accounting for at least $100,000,000 of industry's annual advertising, public relations and employee-relations expenditures. And it is not worth a damn. Even those who batten on it concede the failure. 'Chief, what this needs is the hard sell. The message hasn't got across. We haven't hit 'em where they live. Joe Doakes has been tone deaf.' "* Joe Doakes has been tone deaf because the Great Depression killed his faith in *laisser-faire*, and instilled in him an ineradicable attachment to a New Deal, social-security political philosophy.

This change in the climate of opinion is reflected in a change in the psychology of the business leaders themselves. Andrew Mellon or Andrew Carnegie, violent, splenetic, reactionary, merciless to competitors, ruthless towards trade unions, glorying in their boundless power and arrogantly contemptuous of public or governmental opinion, belong to a dead past; and the few survivors, such as Mr. Sewell Avery of Montgomery Ward, only emphasise by their isolation, and their reputation as eccentric oddities, the completeness of the change. The typical business leader today is of an altogether different mould: quieter, more civilised and unassuming, less confident about free enterprise and faintly anxious to justify himself, a frequent visitor to Washington, an Eisenhower supporter, versed in economics, an adroit negotiator on excellent terms both with competitors and union leaders, and quite content to accept state action, if need be, in the interests of full employment.

The contrast is most evident in the field of labour relations. I refer not merely to the obvious fact that trade unions have now won almost universal recognition, but to the obsession of business executives with personnel and labour problems. Top management now spends half its energies searching for more and more "progressive" personnel ideas. The talk is all of participation, co-operation, human relations, the morale of the labour force, good communications, group activity, and social engineering. Autocratic management is taboo, teamwork is the universal maxim, and Elton Mayo replaces Henry Ford as the symbol of management's attitude to labour. But the contrast is also evident in respect of business competition, which, although still significantly sharper than in Europe, is now held within bounds which would not be recognised or tolerated for a moment in a really aggressive, individualistic, free-enterprise culture.

* William H. Whyte, *Is Anybody Listening?* This whole book, by one of the shrewdest commentators on the changing social climate of U.S. industry, should be read by anyone who still believes in the myth of American individualism.

The Post-Veblen Society

WE FIND an analogous change in the psychology of consumption. Fifty years ago the U.S.A. was a genuinely acquisitive, Veblenesque society; and it is still assumed to be in the theory which I have quoted. This assumption is surely false. In a Veblenesque society, consumption must be as conspicuous and ostentatious as possible in order to provide irrefutable evidence of superior wealth; and right down the scale, keeping up with the Joneses in fact means pushing as far ahead of them as possible. Today it means literally what it says—simply keeping up. To push conspicuously ahead is no longer meritorious. To own a Cadillac when the rest of the group have Buicks, to be the first to buy an air-conditioning plant, to be too blatantly chic, generally to be extravagant and ostentatious and to parade superior wealth—these are to court unpopularity, to offend the canons of the group, and to be condemned as showing off. The wheel has turned full circle; William Randolph Hearst would now attract, not envy and acclaim, but pity or censure as a deviant, non-adjusted personality; cultural conformism

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has replaced the self-conscious desire for ostentatious eccentricity; and where once the whole object of expenditure was to attract "invidious comparisons," today it is to avoid them.

One final example may be quoted: the educational system, always an accurate mirror of underlying cultural attitudes. There are no schools in the world where less emphasis is laid on rivalry and competition, and more on co-operation and adaptability. This may be observed both in the curricula, with their classes in "life-adjustment," "group living," and "social integration," and the studied effort to teach the pupils how to "get along" with their fellows: and in the system of promotion. Promotion by talent or competitive examination has almost everywhere given way to "social promotion" by age-groups, lest the brilliant child be encouraged to be too ambitious, and the stupid child depressed by open proof of his inferiority.

All this is in striking contrast to the picture of a society dominated by ruthless, masterful ambition, a lust for power, a desperate urge to compete, and a reckless self-regarding individualism. Not that contemporary American society, or any similarly "conformist" culture, is therefore immune from social tensions. The emphasis on orthodoxy and communal activity may well breed deep tensions and anxiety, and cause acute misery to the eccentric through the social obloquy which he incurs. Indeed it could be argued that such a society (which is essentially characterised by a "Someone Isn't Using Amplex" psychology) causes greater emotional strain, insecurity, and worry than a more self-confident, individualistic, nonconformist culture.

But that is not the point at issue. The significant fact is that a fluid, equal-opportunity society, such as the U.S.A. is assumed to be, need not engender the atmosphere and cultural pattern described above. Certainly such a pattern may exist in a society, and has done in past societies; and no doubt when it does it may give rise (though we cannot know) to all the atrocious evils alleged against them. But it cannot be said to follow inescapably from, and to be a sweeping indictment of, the objective of social mobility and equal opportunity.

Sociological Utopias

MOREOVER, even if one did concede that greater mobility necessarily led to greater insecurity, and hence to some increase in (as it were) the *gross* amount of social discontent, it would still not follow that it brought an increase in the *net* amount of discontent. People sometimes forget that social immobility has serious drawbacks, and that a greater fluidity brings in its train significant advantages, some of which were briefly mentioned at the beginning of this article.

Thus one could only wholly eliminate the alleged ill effects of greater mobility by wholly eliminating their cause, which lies fundamentally in the existence of differential rewards that act as incentives, combined with an equal opportunity for attaining them. Only if one or the other or both of these were eliminated would the discontents completely disappear. "The neurotic development of boundless ambition, for instance," writes Karen Horney, "is unthinkable in a culture which does not know individual competitiveness, and which offers no rewards for outstanding individual achievement. This holds true also with regard to neurotic strivings for prestige and possessions." No doubt. But the price to be paid for this condition of well-adjusted bliss is rather a heavy one—"no rewards for outstanding individual achievement."

More moderate critics would not, of course, go quite so far as this. But even their arguments tend in the same direction—the suppression of competition and the denigration of incentives to self-advancement. The shop steward who refuses a managerial post is praised; measures to restore price-competition are frowned on; piece-rates and monetary incentives are played down—all to an extent which comes perilously close to advocating

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an ossified and feather-bedded society enjoying every conceivable protection against any nerve-racking competition whatsoever.

Now this might, in another age, be the right way to attain the ideal society. But it most emphatically is not today. It would entail a catastrophic sacrifice of economic progress and efficiency, which do demand, however hopeful one may be about the development of new incentives, *some* differential rewards and *some* competition for them. Certainly, as I argued in my first article, existing inequalities are greater than can be justified on these grounds; equally, there is no call to become obsessed by the question of economic growth. But if any connection between differentials and efficiency is granted, and if we admit that whatever may be the position twenty years from now, we shall face extremely urgent claims on our resources for many years ahead, then we cannot dispense entirely with the spur of competition.

Sociological Utopias, like earlier philosophical ones, tend to be wholly static in character, and to assume that the problem of production has been solved, so that all can laze in the sun without rivalry. But for the moment at least we might have to pay a heavy price, in terms of urgent wants forgone, for the elimination of all competitive endeavour.

Opportunity and Welfare

SECONDLY, the absence of equal opportunity and social mobility is both a denial of democratic rights and a positive cause of discontent. From the moment when the industrial revolution broke up the stable pattern of 18th century society, and spatial mobility and social awareness suddenly increased, and still more from the moment when a working-class political movement came into being, and education became general—from that time on, unequal opportunity was resented, and itself became a cause of social frustration. The gradual (though in Britain still very partial) evanescence of this resentment, as the upward routes were smoothed and broadened, should be set against the alleged increase in insecurity. But often it is not, the reason being, I think, that anti-competitive writers frequently make the wrong time-comparison. If one compares an equal-opportunity society with a stable hereditary one—the U.S.A. today, say, with Britain in the 18th century—it may be, for all I know, that the change is all for the worse, and hostile tensions greater. But this is hardly a relevant or interesting comparison, since no one proposes a reversion to a hereditary stratification. If, however, we compare an equal-opportunity society with one which aspires to equal opportunity but is denied it by existing social relationships—with Britain, say, in 1906—then surely we would judge that the former showed fewer resentments and frustrations than the latter.

This is partly due, thirdly, to the fact that other social benefits inevitably follow in the wake of greater social (and therefore political) mobility. This latter was not, in Britain, a sudden isolated arrival on the scene, but was part (and to some extent the agent) of a broad movement of social reform which brought such simultaneous gains as greater equality, better social security, the spread of education—in fact, a general improvement in the condition of the masses.

It is not clear that this whole process can be said, on balance, to have increased social insecurity. The same movement of reform brought both the Welfare State and more equal opportunities. Possibly the latter have intensified insecurity. But the whole practice and ideology of the former pull hard in the opposite direction—towards security, social responsibility, co-operation.

Fourthly, wider opportunities must tend to diminish class feeling and stratification. A hereditary upper class maintains its towering and unchallenged status by virtue of being impenetrable from below. But as soon as the heights are invaded by social climbers, and those still at the bottom can claim relatives or acquaintances amongst those at the top, the prestige of the latter must obviously decline. Increased mobility, especially when,

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as in Britain, it comes as part of a broad movement of radical reform, will tend to diminish inequality in respect of all the determinants of social class. Certainly it will not do so, as I argue later, to the extent that socialists desire—at least not in Britain, where, as opposed (say) to the United States, class stratification goes too deep to be uprooted merely by equalising opportunities. Nevertheless it must have some effect in the right direction.

I conclude that the case often made against the mobile equal-opportunity society both exaggerates the evils and underestimates the compensating gains. No doubt such a society may, under certain conditions to be discussed below, breed too much competition and insecurity. But it will do so only if these conditions are present. There seem no sufficient grounds for a sweeping condemnation on principle of any such society.

In Britain, moreover, whatever may be the case elsewhere, a more equal spread of opportunity would bring some exceptionally notable gains at unusually little risk. This is because our national temperament and social habits constitute a reasonably adequate safeguard against too malignant a growth of neurotic, aggressive competition: because our economic situation imparts a particular importance to efficient selection for the highest posts; and because, having developed slowly from a traditional and hereditary society, we are still far from granting an equal chance to every child. There is still a very restricted opportunity for children in the lower social categories to rise into those occupations which carry the greatest income and prestige, even though a considerable amount of mobility is apparent lower down the scale. Moreover, no significant changes in social mobility have occurred over the last forty years; perhaps the 1944 Education Act will eventually make a difference, but the lack of any steady improvement since the turn of the century is disturbing. Sons in the upper categories still enjoy a marked advantage, while sons of "lower" lineage still find it hard to rise into the "middle-" and "upper-class" professions. Britain is, even now, far removed from providing equal opportunity; and this remains an essential socialist objective.

A New Élite?

YET there is a reason why it is not a sufficient objective, or one which absolves us from responsibility for a direct attack on other inequalities. It is a reason which is only partly concerned with insecurity or ferocious competition, and is mainly related to other considerations. It stems from the danger that under certain circumstances the creation of equal opportunities may merely serve to replace one remote élite (based on lineage) by a new one (based on ability).

Now some degree of "éliteness" is inevitable in any society—and indeed desirable, for we are not trying to create a mediocre mass society, in which everyone is levelled down to a uniform denominator. Thus we can hardly imagine a society in which university education, for example, does not create a degree of élite feeling. But provided the society has an egalitarian ambience and no deep class divisions, the élite need not be divided by any large gap from the mass of the population, who will therefore not feel markedly envious or inferior—indeed the term élite can scarcely be said to apply. This is the case in Sweden or the United States, where there is little trace of an élite psychology because there are no glaring status differences between top and bottom, and no sense that the leaders belong to a different and superior class. All have shared broadly the same school education, there are no sharp differences of accent or style of life, and no deep consciousness of social inferiority or superiority.

But too much "éliteness," and too great a detachment and remoteness from the rest of the population, are clearly undesirable. Yet this might easily be the case in Britain even with equal opportunities—generally on account of our traditional and deeply-embedded class stratification, which, although no doubt jolted, might not be sufficiently disturbed by the greater mobility: and particularly because we have a segregated, privileged system of

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schools. A concentration on equal opportunity alone would mean that we retained the present (highly unequal) educational and prestige relationship between the public, grammar, and secondary modern schools, but simply ensured that selection for the first two was open to all and genuinely by merit—that is, we should throw open the doors of Eton to competitive examination.

The implications of such a policy are discussed in detail in the third article in this series. Here I will only say, anticipating, that the gap between the different educational tiers is so wide that even with equal opportunity an excessive gulf between élite and non-élite would still persist. It might persist in any event simply because the child population was physically separated into different schools at an early age. But, in addition, the gulf between Eton (even with competitive entry) and a secondary modern school would still be such as to impart to children and parents alike an intense consciousness of an educational order of merit.

Nor is this simply a matter of snobbery and social prestige (though it would not necessarily be less significant if it were). It also reflects very real objective differences. Not only is the education in public and grammar schools immensely superior, but the Eton boy, even though he came from a working-class home, would still end up a quite different person from the secondary modern boy in his accent, dress, manners, outlook, and entire style of life. Thus the juvenile population would remain divided into separate, superior or inferior, social classes.

This segregation during the formative years necessarily intensifies inequalities in after-life. Not only are the contrasts in social manners carried on into adult life, where they remain a conspicuous index of class location: but because educational background is increasingly the main determinant of occupation, and hence of other status criteria —income, power, and occupational prestige —divergences in adult status are significantly widened by being superimposed on prior divergences in educational status.

The Aristocracy of Talent

GIVEN that these divergences are so wide, the mere fact that opportunities of joining the élite are equal will not cure all the frustrations and resentments due to social inequality. For one thing, neither parents nor children will feel that the chance was really equal when it presented itself at so early an age as eleven. However elaborate the provision for subsequent transfer, those who fail at eleven will always maintain that if only the selection had occurred later, the results would have been quite different; and they will resent being given an inferior docket for life at an age when, looking back, they feel they were not fully developed.

Even if all the failures could be convinced that they had an equal chance, their discontent would still not be assuaged; indeed it might actually be intensified. When opportunities are known to be unequal, and the selection clearly biased towards wealth or lineage, people can comfort themselves for failure by saying that they never had a proper chance—the system was unfair, the scales too heavily weighted against them. But if the selection is obviously by merit, this source of comfort disappears, and failure induces a total sense of inferiority with no excuse or consolation; and this, by a natural quirk of human nature, actually increases the envy and resentment at the success of others. This is the kernel of truth in the theories discussed above: that *if the inequality of rewards is excessively great*, the creation of equal opportunities may give rise to too intense a competition, with a real danger of increased frustration and discontent.

Now whether, for the population as a whole, this additional discontent outweighs the compensating gains, no one can tell. The point is simply that equal opportunity, if combined with a marked stratification between an élite and the rest of the population, will not remove all the discontents which extreme inequality creates, and in particular cases may even intensify them.

And there is a more general argument on grounds of justice. People do not want to be

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ruled by a select élite. They feel that such disparities cannot be justified on any grounds, and that the whole system is basically unfair. Admittedly, from the point of view of social justice, an aristocracy of talent is an obvious improvement on a hereditary aristocracy, since no one is in fact denied an equal chance. Yet I do not believe, as a personal value judgment, that it can be described as a "just" society.

It implies that very unequal rewards and privileges are distributed solely on the basis of, if not one, at any rate a particular group of traits of human personality; for any selection must in practice be based on a limited number of more or less known and measurable aspects of character. Let us suppose that intelligence is made the main criterion. Why should this trait be singled out for such exceptional treatment? One might hold this to be palpably unjust on the grounds that superior intelligence is largely due to parental status, through a combination of heredity and beneficial upbringing: and that no one deserves either so generous a reward or so severe a penalty for a quality implanted from outside, for which he himself can claim only a limited responsibility.

But whether inbred or not, why should this one trait, or even a group of traits, alone determine success or failure, riches or poverty, a high or low prestige? Why should no marks be given for saintliness, generosity, compassion, humour, beauty, assiduity, continence, or artistic ability? It is the injustice of isolating, as a basis for extreme inequality, certainly selected ones out of the multiple strands that go to make up the human personality, which constitutes the fundamental ethical case against any élite or aristocracy.

Of course the practical reasons for rewarding outstanding ability generously are obvious enough; and any society would be foolish not to offer such rewards as will attract the ability into the service of the community. But if this requires such large differential privileges as to create a distinct élite, differently educated and socially select, it must be regarded as an unpleasant concession to economic efficiency, and not as being intrinsically just. In practice, however, after studying the experience of the U.S.A. and Scandinavia, where the selection is highly efficient yet social equality much greater, I do not believe that the inequality and class segregation, which would characterise an élite of ability in Britain under our present educational system, could possibly be justified by any considerations of efficiency.

Judged by the third argument for equality, that it reduces social waste, an élite of talent of course scores much more heavily, since it eliminates the waste involved in a hereditary, non-competitive selection for the highest posts. Yet if children are divided into separate streams at eleven, and the streams flow through such very different country as they do in Britain, it would still not eliminate the waste associated with restraints on uninhibited social mixing.

One particular consequence of this, to which attention is often drawn, has disturbing political implications. If the best brains in the working class, creamed off by scholarships and grants, are steered into a distinct and superior educational stratum, the working class will increasingly lose its natural leaders, and have to rely either on the second-rate, or on people who, having been subjected to a quite different educational experience, may now be untypical and remote from working-class psychology. Society's educational talent-scouts will spot the future Bevins and Morrisons at an early age, and rush them off for training as members of the élite; and the trade unions will be led by the indifferent residue, and the Labour Party entirely by Old Etonians. This cannot be good for the quality of democracy; yet it follows inescapably from an élite system of education.

The conclusion must be that in Britain equality of opportunity and social mobility, though they lead to the most admirable distribution of intelligence, are not enough. They need, not to be played down, as some sociologists would have us do, but to be combined with measures, above all in the educational field, to equalise the distribution of rewards and privileges so as to diminish the degree of class stratification, the injustice of

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large inequalities, and the collective discontents which come from too great a dispersion of rewards. The limited goal of equal opportunity is not, from a socialist point of view, sufficient.

How Much Equality?

How far towards equality do we wish to go? I do not regard this as either a sensible or a pertinent question, to which one could possibly give, or should attempt to give, a precise reply. We need, I believe, more equality than we now have, for the reasons set out in the first article. We can therefore describe the direction of advance, and even discern the immediate landscape ahead; but the ultimate objective lies wrapped in complete uncertainty.

This must be the case unless one subscribes to the vulgar fallacy that some ideal society can be said to exist, of which blueprints can be drawn, and which will be ushered in as soon as certain specific reforms have been achieved. The apocalyptic view that we might one day wake up to find that something called "socialism" had arrived was born of revolutionary theories of capitalist collapse. But in Western societies change is gradual and evolutionary, and not always either foreseeable or even under political control. It is therefore futile and dangerous to think in terms of an ideal society, the shape of which can already be described, and which will be reached at some definite date in the future. Countries like Britain do not leap from one fully-fledged social system to another, but are, on the contrary, in a state of permanent transition.

In any case, "socialism" is not an exact descriptive term, connoting a particular social structure, past, present, or even immanent in some sage's mind, which can be empirically observed or analysed. It simply describes a set of values or aspirations which socialists wish to see embodied in the organisation of society. One must confine oneself to saying, therefore, that society at any given moment either does or does not sufficiently embody these values; and if it does not, then further changes are required. But exactly what degree of equality will create a society which does sufficiently embody them, no one can possibly say. We must reassess the matter in the light of each new situation.

We can thus only venture very general statements of the objective. I feel clear that we need large egalitarian changes in our educational system, the distribution of property, the distribution of resources in periods of need, social manners and style of life, and the location of power within industry; and perhaps some, but certainly a much smaller, change in respect of incomes from work. I think that these changes, taken together, will amount to a considerable social revolution.

On the other hand I am sure that a definite limit exists to the degree of equality which is desirable. We do not want complete equality of incomes, since extra responsibility and exceptional talent require and deserve a differential reward. We are not hostile, as our opponents sometimes suggest, to "detached residences in Bournemouth where some elderly woman has obviously more than a thousand a year"—this is a stupid criticism. I do not myself want to see *all* private education disappear: nor the Prime Minister denied an official car, as in one Scandinavian country: nor the Queen riding a bicycle: nor the House of Lords instantly abolished: nor the manufacture of Rolls-Royces banned: nor the Brigade of Guards, nor Oxford and Cambridge, nor Boodle's, nor (more doubtfully) the Royal Yacht Squadron, nor even, on a rather lower level, the Milroy Room, lose their present distinctive character*: nor anything so dull and colourless as this.

But where *en route*, before we reach some drab extreme, we shall wish to stop, I have no idea. Our society will look quite different when we have carried through the changes mentioned earlier; and the whole argument will then need to be restated, and thought out afresh, by a younger generation than mine.

* On the condition, of course (already fulfilled in the case of Oxford and Cambridge), that entry into these eminent institutions is not a matter simply of lineage.

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Patricia Hutchins

James Joyce's Correspondence

"THIS book is not written in prose, it is written in speech . . . speech moves at the speed of light, prose at the speed of the alphabet," said James Stephens in a broadcast on *Finnegans Wake* in January 1947. After completing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, some combination of influences freed Joyce from narrative conventions and *Ulysses* was an attempt to convey thought as it transforms itself into sound. Then the material had been carefully screened, but in Joyce's last book all the rubble was deliberately included—stammers, mistakes, repetitions, the distortions of a dozen different accents and as many voices.

Joyce's letters, on the other hand, were not written for publication and are seldom discursive or expository. It was in conversation with his brother, Stanislaus Joyce, during the years in Trieste, or in letters to such friends as Frank Budgen or Georges Borach in Zürich, that Joyce outlined his work. In Paris there was Sylvia Beach, the *Transition* group, Stuart Gilbert, Samuel Beckett, and critics such as Louis Gillet and Philippe Soupault to whom Joyce explained what he was trying to achieve through *Work-in-Progress*. Letters were only written when he could not meet a person or telephone: all his energy went into overcoming technical problems. Miss Harriet Weaver, who lived in England, was an exception. In 1921, as proofs of *Ulysses* arrived, he told her that he was working like a lunatic, "trying to revise and improve and correct and continue to create at the one time."

When dealing with Joyce's Irish background or collecting material in England and on the Continent for a further study of his world, a number of letters passed through my hands. These form part of a volume entitled *Letters of James Joyce*, edited by Stuart Gilbert, to be published next autumn by Faber and Faber, and the Viking Press in New York. Written in direct, often humorous terms, they draw together the factors of a situation, show Joyce at a particular moment of his life, and often provide a striking parallel with his writing.

A copy of one of the earliest letters, found with the papers of W. B. Yeats, was written to Lady Gregory in the autumn of 1902, after Joyce had graduated at University College, Dublin. Whereas *Stephen Hero* suggests that Stephen was offered help by the Jesuits and refused, here Joyce protests that the authorities would not give coaching and other work to pay fees at the medical school. Therefore he would go abroad and try himself against the powers of the world. In the concluding sentences we see those romantic elements in Joyce which were never so openly declared in his work:

> All things are inconstant except the faith in the soul, which changes all things and fills their inconstancy with light. And though I seem to have been driven out of my country here as a misbeliever I have found no man yet with a faith like mine.

A note, in the possession of Mrs. George Roberts, whose husband was later involved in the abortive attempt to publish *Dubliners* in

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Ireland, relates to Joyce's training for the Feis Ceol, or musical competition, in which he competed with John McCormack, and reflects perhaps a passing interest in Nietzsche.

[*N.D. Postmark, Dublin, July 13, 1904.*]

G.P.O.

Dear Roberts,

Be in the "Ship" to-morrow at 3.30 with £1. My [Hired] piano is threatened. It is absurd that my superb voice should suffer. You recognise a plain duty. Well then—

James Overman.

IN THE National Library of Ireland there is a valuable series of letters written to Joyce's aunt, Mrs. Josephine Murray, which touch on his elopement with Nora Barnacle and the years as a Berlitz school-teacher in Pola and Trieste. In many Joyce asks for information about people and places in Dublin to be used in his work. No less important is the correspondence with Michael Healy, a customs official and Joyce's uncle-in-law, who not only provided financial help but obtained books and other material for him.

Later in life Joyce was to thank Yeats again for his friendliness extending over thirty years. Among the correspondence is a letter written in Zürich on September 14th, 1916:

Dear Yeats,

Ezra Pound writes to me telling me of your kindness in writing a letter of recommendation on my behalf as a result of which a royal bounty has been granted to me (£100). I need hardly say how acceptable this money is to me at such a time and in such circumstances but apart from its usefulness, it is very encouraging as a sign of recognition and I am very grateful for your friendly and valuable support. I hope that now at last matters may begin to go a little more smoothly for me for, to tell the truth, it is very tiresome to wait and hope for so many years....

In a letter to John Quinn, written on July 10th, 1917, he gives details of the struggle to publish on his own terms:

Ten years of my life have been consumed in correspondence and litigation about my book *Dubliners*. It was rejected by 40 publishers; three times set up and once burnt. It cost me about 3,000 francs in postage, fees, train and boat fares, for I was in correspondence with 110 newspapers, 7 solicitors, 3 societies, 40 publishers and several men of letters about it. All refused to aid me, except Mr. Ezra Pound. In the end it was published, in 1914, word for word as I wrote it in 1905. My novel [*A Portrait . . .*] was refused by every publisher in London to whom it was offered—refused (as Mr. Pound informed me) with offensive comments. When a review decided to publish it, it was impossible to find in the United Kingdom a printer to print it. I write these facts now once and for all because I do not want any correspondence of the same kind about my play [*Exiles*]—I mean from publishers or impresarii. I want a definite engagement to publish or produce by a certain date, or a refusal.

When at last Joyce succeeded in reaching Paris, he told John Quinn, on January 7th, 1921, that the *Circe* episode had been rewritten nine times and as he had already spent seven years on *Ulysses* he would need six months' rest when it was finished, "not necessarily in jail."

Most of Joyce's own papers, which survived so many changes of address (over a dozen in Paris alone), were in his Passy flat when he and his wife left for Vichy in 1939. Joyce's credits froze during the occupation and his landlord was about to sell all their possessions when friends rescued certain books, papers, and manuscripts. These were sorted for the *James Joyce Exhibition* at the La Hune Gallery in 1949. Later a number of family portraits, notebooks, and some three hundred and fifty letters were purchased for the Lockwood Memorial Library at Buffalo University, New York. Through the courtesy of both libraries, these have been available on microfilm at the British Museum. A number deal with the publication of Joyce's work in *The Egoist*, and the suppression of *The Little Review*, others show the friendly encouragement of the American publisher B. W. Huebsch.

YEATS had introduced Joyce to Ezra Pound, but unfortunately none of those communications which found their way into Pound's little triangular room off Kensington High Street are now available. Joyce preserved the second page of a letter from Pound written in December 1917, evidently acknowledging the receipt of part of *Ulysses*, which

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was not included in the 1950 edition of the American writer's letters.

> Hope to forward a few base sheckles in a few days time. Wall, Mr Joice, I recon your a damn fine writer, that's what I recon'. An' I recon' this here work o' yourn is some concarn'd litterchure. You can take it from me, an' I'm a jedge.

Several of the letters in the Lockwood Memorial Library have only an association value, such as the note from Maurice Darantière, the Dijon printer, announcing early in 1922 that *Ulysses* was ready at last. Others contain much biographical material and suggest Joyce's relationship with many other writers. For instance, in 1922 John Middleton Murry, who had reviewed *Ulysses* sympathetically, invited Joyce to tea at the Victoria Palace Hotel, Montparnasse, adding, "My wife (Katherine Mansfield) who knows your book even better than I do has points of her own to discuss." She was then writing some of the last stories, and in her diary and journal gave impressions of the place, but as John Middleton Murry wrote to me in May 1954, "I was much too preoccupied with Katherine Mansfield's illness at the time to do more than register that he [Joyce] was very gentle and sympathetic." A year later we find the Joyces themselves installed in the hotel, where early drafts of *Finnegans Wake* were written.

It was Ernest Hemingway, writing from Switzerland in 1928, who brought out very clearly what Joyce had to bear during one of his many eye operations:

> My little boy, when I picked him up to pot him at night, coming in here, poked his finger in my eye and the nail cut the pupil. For ten days I had a little taste of how things might be with you. It hurt like hell, even the cocaine wash the Dr. gave me to take the pain out but [it] is all right now.

George Moore had been part of Joyce's Dublin background as a young man but in spite of Edouard Dujardin's suggestion that he should bring them together again, Moore and Joyce did not meet until 1929. In September of that year, Moore wrote to Dujardin that Joyce was in London and had paid him a long visit:

> . . . He was distinguished, courteous, respectful, and I was the same; he seemed anxious to accord me the first place. I demurred, and declared him first in Europe. We agreed that our careers were not altogether dissimilar and he added, "Paris has played an equal part in our lives." This morning he sent me a book, and pleaded that I had promised to accept a copy of the French translation of *Ulysses*. I was conquered.*

And a few days later:

> 121 Ebury Street,
> London S.W.1.
>
> 11th September, 1929.
>
> Dear Mr. Joyce:
>
> When we look back upon our lives, our lives seem fateful. I never understood why I avoided reading *Ulysses*, for I was curious to read it, and when I was in the Nursing Home somebody, whose name I cannot recall at the moment, sent me a present of a reading desk, and I wondered what could have put it into his head to send me such a useless piece of furniture. Now I know! I am reading *Ulysses* and if you were here for a longer time and could dine with me, we would talk about the French, which I think wilfully exaggerated in places.
>
> Thank you for sending the book: I look forward to reading it all the winter. And I have to thank you, too, for the volume of essays explaining your new work in progress. The best of these seems to me to be by Stuart Gilbert.
>
> Padraic Colum has written a very pretty introduction to the still unpublished work and I remember him at the outset of his career, when everything seemed against him.

Many of the letters between T. S. Eliot and James Joyce suggest the amount of practical work which went into the publication of Joyce's writing. Occasionally there is a more personal note—T. S. Eliot arranges for Joyce and Lady Ottoline Morrell to meet him for tea at Frascati's or when the Joyces are in Sussex he suggests that he should show him "some of the waste lands round Chichester." On at least one occasion there is a suggestion which Joyce appears to have incorporated into *Ulysses*.

> 9 Clarence Gate Gardens,
> London N.W.6.

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* *Letters of George Moore*. Edited by JOHN EGLINTON, 1942. Heinemann.

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21st May, 1921.

My dear Joyce:

I am returning your three mss by registered post as you require and am exceedingly obliged for a taste of them. I think they are superb—especially the Descent into Hell, which is stupendous. Only, in detail, I object to one or two phrases of Elijah: "ring up" is English, "call up" American; "trunk line", if applied to the telephone service, is English, the American is, if I remember, "long distance". I don't quite like the wording of the coon transformation of Elijah, either, but I cannot suggest any detailed alteration. But otherwise, I have nothing but admiration, in fact, I wish, for my own sake, that I had not read it.

Joyce kept two notes from his father in the childish writing of old age, in which New Year and Birthday greetings are combined. Then the father adds, with perhaps *A Portrait* in mind, "I wonder do you recollect the old days at Brighton Square when you were baby Tuckoo and I used to tell you all about the moo-cow that used to come down from the mountains and take little boys away?" On January 1st, 1932, Joyce wrote to T. S. Eliot:

Excuse me if I am backward in my work and correspondence. I have been through a bad time telephoning and wiring to Dublin about my father. To my great grief he died on Tuesday. He had an intense love for me and it adds now to my grief and remorse that I did not go to Dublin to see him for so many years. I kept him constantly under the illusion that I would come and was always in correspondence with him but an instinct which I believed in held me back from going, much as I longed to. *Dubliners* was banned there in 1912 on the advice of a person who was assuring me at the time of his great friendship. When my wife and children went there in 1922, against my wish, they had to flee for their lives, lying flat on the floor of a railway carriage while rival parties shot at each other across their heads and quite lately I have had experience of malignancy and treachery on the part of people to whom I had done nothing but friendly acts. I did not feel myself safe and my wife and son opposed my going.

I have been very broken down these last days and I feel that a poor heart which was true and faithful to me is no more.

DURING 1915 Joyce had written to H. G. Wells to thank him for his interest in the instalments of *A Portrait* in *The Egoist* and for the suggestion that J. B. Pinker, the literary agent, should see his work, which subsequently the firm handled for a number of years. When the novel was published in 1916, Wells was approached by Miss Weaver, the assistant editor, but he was too busy to deal with it. Thus his article in *The Nation* for February 24th, 1917, came as a pleasant surprise. It contained an extraordinary prescience of Joyce's later work and Wells's praise—"I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better"—was to carry Joyce far on his road.

Much later, as *Work-in-Progress* was being published, Joyce wrote to Miss Weaver in December 1928 that he had recently lunched with H. G. Wells, who had been very friendly. While making no concessions, Joyce was always anxious his experiments should be understood, and after H. G. Wells had been sent copies of *Transition*, Joyce received a long letter from him. "He told me that he had expected to meet a tall fierce aggressive man in a frieze overcoat carrying a heavy stick and I think that he probably had a similar phantom hovering between his eyes and my pages."

Lou Pidou,
Saint Mathieu,
Grasse, A.M.

November 23, 1928.

My dear Joyce:

I've been studying you and thinking over you a lot. The outcome is that I don't think I can do anything for the propaganda of your work. I've an enormous respect for your genius dating from your earliest books, and I feel now a great personal liking for you, but you and I are set upon absolutely different courses. Your training has been Catholic, Irish, insurrectionary; mine, such as it was, was scientific, constructive, and, I suppose, English. The frame of my mind is a world wherein a big unifying and concentrating process is possible (increase of power and range by economy and concentration of effort), a *progress* not inevitable but interesting and possible. That game attracted and still holds me. For it, I want language and statement as simple and clear as possible. You began Catholic, that is to say you began with a system of values in stark opposition to reality. Your mental existence is obsessed by a monstrous system of contradictions. You really believe in chastity, purity and

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the personal God, and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of c—, s—, and h—. As I don't believe in these things except as quite provisional values, my mind has never been shocked to outcries by the existence of water closets and menstrual bandages—and undeserved misfortunes. And while you were brought up under the delusion of political suppression, I was brought up under the delusion of political responsibility. It seems a fine thing to you to defy and break up. To me not in the least.

Now with regard to this literary experiment of yours. It's a considerable thing because you are a very considerable man and you have in your crowded composition a mighty genius for expression which has escaped discipline. But I don't think it gets anywhere. You have turned your back on common men, on their elementary needs and their restricted time and intelligence and you have elaborated. What is the result? Vast riddles. Your last two works have been more amusing and exciting to write than they will ever be to read. Take me as a typical common reader. Do I get much pleasure from this work? No. Do I feel I am getting something new and illuminating as I do when I read Aurep's dreadful translation of Pavlov's badly written book on Conditioned Reflexes? No. So I ask; who the hell is this Joyce who demands so many waking hours of the few thousands I have still to live for a proper appreciation of his quirks and fancies and flashes of rendering?

All this from my point of view. Perhaps you are right and I am all wrong. Your work is an extraordinary experiment and I would go out of my way to save it from destruction or restrictive interruption. It has its believers and its following. Let them rejoice in it. To me it is a dead end.

My warmest good wishes to you, Joyce. I can't follow your banner any more than you can follow mine. But this world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong.

As Joyce continued to Miss Weaver:

For the moment I will content myself by saying in reply to his letter which is quite friendly and honest, that I doubt whether his attitude towards words and language is as scientific as he himself ought to wish it to be and also whether the extra expressionism of which he complains, whether liberative or simply terminological exactitude, is at all as common in my country as in his, though perhaps I ought to add, considerably to our loss. To the rest of his remarks, however, I could whole-heartedly subscribe and the more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band the more I wonder why I was ever let into it 'with my magic flute.'

DURING the years in Paris, Joyce was in touch with many different people. Sherwood Anderson asks if he might call, St. John Ervine mentions a meeting, there is a letter from Edmund Wilson. André Gide writes, "*Quelle émotion de recevoir une lettre du grand Joyce.*" While on holiday in Copenhagen, Joyce had several long talks with Lévy-Bruhl and gave him copies of his books. At Salzburg one year he met John Drinkwater and his wife Daisy Kennedy, and some of their correspondence has survived. There are several letters from James Stephens in the poet's beautifully precise hand which provide an amusing comment on their relationship.

Joyce saw a great deal of Maria and Eugene Jolas, Stuart Gilbert, Sylvia Beach and other close friends so that few letters were necessary. Those written to Paul Léon, often in despair over his daughter's illness, must remain under seal in the National Library of Ireland for a further forty-five years or so. On the other hand, Valéry Larbaud, novelist and translator of Samuel Butler, was often in Spain or Italy. "*Ah Joyce, c'était un très bon ami,*" he said, when interviewed in Vichy in 1954. Many of Joyce's letters are preserved in the Municipal Library there while a number of Larbaud's replies are at Buffalo University. They corresponded about the French translation of *Ulysses*, supervised by Larbaud, mentioned Italo Svevo or Ernest Boyd, arranged to meet Arnold Bennett, or sent postcards to each other from Parma, Brussels, or Llandudno. As Larbaud wrote in English of *Finnegans Wake*:

. . . Dante was certainly haunted by the idea of a common Vulgar; and in fact one Canzone at least is written in 'lingua trina'—Latin, Provençal and Italian. Whitman too seems to have felt the necessity of an international tongue based on English. But what you are doing could only be done in English, I think, because there are as many Latin roots as German roots, so that a Spanish or Italian, a Norwegian, or Dutch word, may be brought into it without seeming utterly out of place. At least one of the two or

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three meanings or allusions of the word thus coined, will be readily apprehended. While you were reading to me I had an impression of going along a vineyard, where the words were the [bunches of] grapes,—each word the full-grown 'Racème', of which I hastily picked one 'grain', with the intention and the wish to go back to it later on and pick other 'grains' from it. I don't see how the same thing might be done on a large scale in a purely Latin or purely Teutonic language. See how *déplacés* look French words in German! But an inter-Latin language is possible, and, perhaps, an inter-Teutonic one; but they meet only in English.

Joyce, as he told Miss Weaver, had set out to write "a universal history." A selection from the several hundred letters written to her over twenty-five years will form an important part of the forthcoming volume. Not only do they suggest Joyce's life from week to week but they provide an interesting commentary on the development of *Finnegans Wake*. Many passages are closely related to the manuscripts of the book which have been presented by Miss Weaver to the British Museum.

Although Louis Gillet quotes Joyce as saying that *Finnegans Wake* had nothing in common with *Ulysses*—"*C'est le jour et la nuit*"—it began as the logical sequence of Molly Bloom's monologue. Then as Joyce found himself in the hidden, night-shadowed regions of consciousness, the writing became a series of layers or stratifications. For instance, Joyce's brother, Stanislaus Joyce, suggested part of the character of Shaun the Post and where he is under interrogation in Part III, section IV, there is perhaps a parallel with the *Ithica* or question and answer chapter of *Ulysses*. (In this connection, there are several interesting letters by Stanilaus Joyce, written after *Ulysses* had appeared and now at Buffalo, which throw light on their relationship.)

The main outline of the book had been worked out by 1924, and on May 6th Joyce wrote from the Victoria Palace Hotel:

I hope to resume with Shaun tomorrow. I had done about a third. But he (already a dawdler) will be longer on the road. . . . I have not seen Miss Beach for a while as my general expression is not a pleasant one to offer to anybody's gaze, though, strangely enough, the Shaun the Post piece is very amusing—to me, at least. It is extremely hard to write.

In a letter written on May 24th we see the dream confusion of time and place which Joyce was using as a basis.

I am sorry I could not face the copying out of Shaun which is a description of a postman travelling backwards in the night through the events already narrated. It is written in the form of a *via crucis* of 14 stations but in reality it is only a barrel rolling down the river Liffey. To write a book like this I should have a study of my own where I could quickly get at my books and papers.

Joyce used a series of signs to denote parts of the book. On August 29th, 1925, he wrote:

I know that Ad ought to be about roads, all about dawn and roads, and go along repeating that to myself all day as I stumble along the roads hoping it will dawn on me how to show up them roads so as everybody'll know as how roads etc.

At last the Joyces found an unfurnished flat in 2 Square Robiac, Paris, and once installed Joyce thought of little else but his work. In a letter of October 10th, 1925:

I began Ad (otherwise the last watch of Shaun) a few days ago and have produced about three foolscapes of hammer and tongs stratification lit up by a fervent prayer to the divinity which shapes our roads in favour of my ponderous protagonist and his miniscule consort. . . . I composed some wondrous devices for Ad during the night and wrote them out in the dark only to discover that I had made a mosaic on top of other notes so I am now going to bring my astronomical telescope into play.

As Proust observed, a work of art must create its own posterity, and the salvaging of correspondence and biographical detail is part of that process. "The reason for which a work of genius is not easily admired from the first is that the man who has created it is extraordinary, that few other men resemble him. It was Beethoven's Quartets themselves . . . that devoted half a lifetime to forming, fashioning and enlarging a public for Beethoven's Quartets. . . . And so it is essential that the artist . . . if he wishes his work to be free to follow its own course, shall launch it wherever he may find sufficient depth, confidently outward bound towards the future."

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Seymour M. Lipset

The American Voter

Why he votes the way he does

Classes and Parties

IT OFTEN comes as a shock, especially to Europeans, to be reminded that the first political parties in history with "labour" or "working-man" in their names developed in America in the 1820's and 1830's. The emphasis placed on "classlessness" in American political ideology has led many European and American political commentators to assume that American party divisions have had less to do with class cleavages than is the case in other Western countries. The polling studies that have been made belie this assumption. These indicate that in every American election since 1936 (studies of this question were not made before then) the proportion voting Democrat increases sharply as one moves down the occupational or income ladder. In 1944 and 1948 over 70 per cent of the workers voted Democratic, a percentage which is higher than has ever been reported for left-wing parties in European countries. In 1952 the proportion of American workers backing the Democratic presidential candidate dropped to about 60 per cent. It should be noted, however, that in large measure this was a result of Eisenhower's personal appeal, rather than a basic swing away from the Democratic Party. In general, the bulk of the workers, even many who voted for Eisenhower, still regard themselves as Democrats.

The same relationship between "class" (using this term in its rather vague, conversational sense) and politics occurs among the middle and upper classes. The Democrats are in a minority among the non-manual workers, but they secure more votes from the lower white-collar workers than from any other middle-class group, while the Republican vote increases inexorably with income and occupational status. Perhaps the best single example of the pervasiveness of class as a factor in American politics can be found in a recent (1955) study made by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Center for International Studies, which interviewed a random sample of 1,000 chief executives of major American corporations. Even within this upper-economic group, the larger the company of which a man was an officer, the more likely he was to be a Republican!

The relationship of socio-economic position to political behaviour in America is reinforced by religious and ethnic factors. Surveys do indicate that, among the Christian denominations, the higher the average income of the membership of a given church group, the more likely its members have been to vote Republican. If Christian religious groups in the United States are ranked according to socio-economic status, they are, reading from high to low, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Lutheran, Baptist, and Catholic—and this rank order is identical to the one produced when the denominations are ranked by propensity to vote Republican. This suggests that socio-economic status, rather than religious ideas, is the prime determinant of political values

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among different denominations.* But religious beliefs or loyalties, and the political values associated with them, nevertheless seem to have some independent effect on voting behaviour. Working-class Protestants belonging to the Congregational or Presbyterian churches are more likely to be Republicans than workers who are Baptist or Catholic. Conversely, wealthy Baptist or Catholics are more prone to be Democrats than are Congregationalists or Episcopalians who are no less rich.

Roughly speaking, the same differences occur among ethnic groups. Anglo-Saxons are more likely to be Republicans than are other Americans in the same class position who have a more recent immigrant background. Thus if an individual is middle-class, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant, he is very likely to be a Republican, whereas if he is working-class, Catholic, and of recent immigrant stock, he will probably be a Democrat.

Money Makyth Men

THE relationship between status (as reflected by the three criteria of economic position, religion, and ethnic background) and party loyalty is not a new development in American history. Studies of the variations in support of the Federalists, America's first conservative party, and the Jeffersonian Democrats in the late 18th and early 19th centuries indicate that the social base of these parties was almost identical with those of the modern Republicans and Democrats. The Federalists were backed disproportionately by the well-to-do farmers, urban merchants, persons of English extraction, and members of such high-status churches as the Congregationalists and the Episcopalians. The Democrats, on the other hand, tended to get the backing of urban workers, poorer farmers, persons of non-English background such as the Scotch-Irish, and members of (the then) poorer churches like the Presbyterians and the Catholics. The second conservative party, the Whigs, who fought the Democrats from 1836 to 1852, derived its strength from the same sources as the Federalists, while the Democrats continued in the pattern set earlier, and in addition were aided by the great wave of European immigration.

Although the Republican Party was created as an anti-slavery party, the evidence available for the pre-Civil War period suggests that, in large measure, it inherited the support of the Whigs. A detailed study of voting behaviour in New York State before the Civil War shows that the Democrats retained their urban lower-class, Catholic, and immigrant support. The evidence compiled by various historians shows that the men of great wealth and economic power in America have never given more than small minority support to the Democrats. Dixon Ryan Fox, an analyst of upper-class New York politics in the early and middle 19th century, compiled considerable statistical data to show that the upper-class districts of the various cities voted Federalist and Whig. He quotes a biographer of the wealthy merchants of New York writing in the 1860's:

> It is a very common fact that for thirty-four years [since the revival of two-party politics in 1828] very few merchants of the first class have been Democrats. The mass of large and little merchants have, like a flock of sheep, gathered either in the Federalist, Whig, Clay, or Republican folds. The Democratic merchants could have easily been stored in a large Eighth Avenue railroad car.

A recent study by Mabel Newcomer of the political views of large business executives in 1900, 1925, and 1950, reports that in all three periods about three-quarters of the business executives were Republicans. In fact, in 1925, a period not normally considered to be one of political class conflict in America, only 19 per cent of the executives were Democrats. These data certainly underestimate the Republican majority among business executives, since they include Southern Democrats who would

* It should be noted, however, that the Jews, who are among the wealthiest religious groups in America, are shown by survey data to be the most Democratic. This deviation from the general rule is in large measure to be explained by the sensitivity of Jews to ethnic discrimination, and to the fact that they have little effective social intercourse with the upper-status groups in America.

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be Republicans if they were not living in a one-party region.*

Money Makyth not the Whole Man

THE division among Americans into two parties, one of which has always been based on those who are poorer and the other on the richer, has not meant necessarily that the parties always differed in terms of traditional left-right political issues. Such issues did separate the parties in Jefferson's and Jackson's day, and also—for the most part—from 1896 to the present, although there were some significant exceptions such as the elections of 1904 and the 1920's. However, even when the parties did not present opposing positions on conventional left-right lines, almost always there have been issues between them which reflected the differences in their social base. For example, the Federalist-Whig-Republican party was less receptive to immigration in the 19th century than the Democrats, and a Republican administration enacted the restrictive immigration legislation of the early 1920's. In general, the various nativist and anti-Catholic movements, which have arisen at different periods in American history, have usually been identified with the conservative parties on a local if not a national level.

Even the controversy over slavery reflected differences in class. The Northern urban lower-class groups before the Civil War tended to be anti-Negro, and were uninterested in the struggle for abolition. On the other hand, Northern middle- and upper-class Protestants were likely to be incensed over the crime of slavery. Thus, in New York State, the conservatives supported the right of free Negroes to vote in the state constitutional conventions of 1821 and 1846, while the major Democratic spokesmen either opposed, or were uninterested in, the extension of the suffrage to Negroes. The free Negroes, in turn, were supporters of the Federalist and Whig Parties before 1850, and the freed slaves and their descendants remained loyal backers of the Republican Party until the election of Roosevelt, for the first time, produced a Democratic administration which showed interest in their problems. The Wilson administration of 1913–21, although liberal on other issues, reflected Southern attitudes in its race-relations policies. The movements reflecting middle-class morality, such as those designed to prohibit liquor and gambling, or which were concerned with the elimination of corruption in government, have also largely made headway through the conservative parties. In the controversies over prohibition in the 20th century, the Democrats in the North were the "wet" party, while the Republicans were "dry." And in the prosperous 1920's, the Democrats ran the campaign of 1928 largely on the platform of repeal of prohibition.

The differences in social base were also reflected in the attitudes of the two parties toward foreign policy. The one Democratic administration between 1861 and 1913, that of Grover Cleveland in the 1880's, opposed Great Britain on a number of issues, and made manifest its great sympathy for the cause of Irish freedom. A recent study of the British immigrant in America has shown how the British, though not viewed as a separate or alien ethnic group like those from other countries, organised British clubs in the late 19th century as a means of fighting the political power of the Irish Democrats. These British associations naturally gravitated towards the Republican Party. Even during World War One, these differences seem to have continued to affect American policy. Although Wilson was personally sympathetic to the cause of Britain and the Allies, the bulk of Americans of non-Anglo-Saxon

* Yet the Democrats, and liberal political groupings in general, have been able to find one major source of middle-class support, the intelligentsia (in the European sense of the term). A survey taken in 1947, based on questionnaires returned by 9,000 university graduates which asked how they voted in 1944, reported Democratic majorities among teachers, scientists, and persons in the arts. All other middle-class occupational categories except civil servants showed Republican majorities. Interviews with a random sample of over 2,000 social scientists teaching in American universities in 1955 showed that three-quarters of them are Democrats, and two-thirds voted for Stevenson in 1952.

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background were hostile either to Britain or to Czarist Russia, and it was the middle-class Anglo-Saxon-based Republican Party which bore the brunt of advocating greater help to the Allies. Wilson, it should be remembered, fought the election of 1916 on an *anti*-war platform, and won or held the support of the Irish, Jews, and Germans for the Democratic Party.

The position of the two parties on foreign policy, of course, not only has reflected their ethnic base, but on occasion has helped to shift it. The millions of Americans of Irish and German extraction clearly resented American entry into World War One. The Germans, in particular, suffered heavily as a result of social and economic discrimination during and after the war. Some analysts have suggested (although the statistical work to prove this has not been done) that the great Republican victory of 1920, in which Harding secured a larger percentage of the vote than any Republican since the founding of the party, was in part, at least, a result of a shift away from the Democrats by members of ethnic groups who had felt "betrayed" by Wilson's taking the country into war.

It is now largely forgotten that, in his early years of office, Franklin D. Roosevelt was an "isolationist," and that the Democratic Party in Congress acted as if it believed that America had been tricked into entering World War One by British propaganda and the manipulation of Wall Street bankers. The neutrality act passed in Roosevelt's first term of office by an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress reflected these isolationist and anti-British attitudes. In this the Democrats returned to their traditional rôle of expressing the attitudes of the major ethnic groups.

The outbreak of World War Two placed Roosevelt in the same dilemma as that faced earlier by Wilson. He knew that he had to aid the Allies, but he also wanted to be re-elected. The fall of France left him with no alternative other than to give "all aid short of war"; in the 1940 Presidential campaign he promised that the country would *not* go to war. This time, however, unlike 1916, the Republicans took the isolationist and pacifist position, again largely as an election manœuvre. Wendell Willkie was clearly even more favourable to intervention than Roosevelt, yet he and his advisers apparently felt that their one hope of electoral victory was to entice away from the Democrats the Irish, German, and Italian vote, which for reasons of national identification was against intervention. The opinion-poll data for that year show that the Republicans were somewhat successful, since the Democratic vote did drop off greatly among these three groups. It was probably counterbalanced, in part, by a swing to Roosevelt among middle-class "Anglo-Saxons."

Ethnic reactions have also affected the handling of the Communist issue in the last decade. It should not be forgotten that Senator McCarthy is Irish and represents a state in which the influence of German-Americans is high. McCarthy, in his charges concerning Communist infiltration in the State Department, has stressed that America was "betrayed" by men of upper-class Anglo-Saxon backgrounds who were graduates of Harvard and other Ivy League schools. In so doing, he in effect has told the isolationist ethnic groups, who had been exposed to charges of "disloyalty" in the past two wars, that the people who had really been disloyal were the upper-class Anglo-Saxons who had manipulated the United States into fighting the wrong enemy, and who had "lost the peace" to the Russians. In 1952 the Republicans faced the country with a strong foreign-policy appeal to the ethnic groups, especially the Catholics and Germans. Eisenhower, like Willkie before him, allowed electoral expediency to modify his public opinions. And the election returns indicate that he made strong headway among middle-class Catholics, Germans, and Italians.

One-Party States

THUS far, one major factor in American political life has not been discussed: regionalism—the Democratic control of the South, and the traditional Republican domination of many Northern states. With the exception of the South, however, it is difficult

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to estimate how much of the voting behaviour of the country is a reflection of traditional regional attachments to a party, which hold up independently of the other factors. Republican regional strength outside of the South is for the most part an expression of the fact that large sections of the country have a majority with "Republican" social characteristics—rural and small-town middle-class Protestants. Traditionally Republican New England no longer exists in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, which are now highly urbanised, and in which the Democrats hold their own. In Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, where the rural and small-town votes play an important rôle and the proportion of Catholics and Jews is lower, one-party Republican rule still characterises state politics. The same pattern is true for a number of mid-West farm states: the absence of major urban centres has meant that these states remain Republican. Perhaps the best evidence that Republican strength in predominantly Republican states does not represent a purely regional attachment to a party may be found in the fact that the working class in the cities of these states is largely Democratic, and that, in fact, the principal urban centres are usually Democratic. For example, the two largest cities in Vermont and New Hampshire, Burlington and Manchester, are Democratic strongholds.

It is true, however, that while many of the one-party areas in the North may be accounted for by the social characteristics of the population, the perennial domination of a state by one party does serve to reduce the minority party's vote even among groups that one would expect to back that party. The fact that a party has no chance of winning inevitably reduces the effort which it puts into the election. Thus, Democratic candidates for state office in predominantly Republican states, or Republican office-seekers in the South, are often individuals who have little political appeal. The national party, or other organisations backing it such as unions or business groups, may feel that money is wasted in such states, and little is therefore spent. In addition, since the sole road to an effective political career lies in the Republican Party in a number of Northern states, and in the Democratic Party in the South, many ambitious liberals in states such as North Dakota or Vermont become active Republicans, while in the South right-wing conservatives choose the Democratic road to office. The fact that the men who might best lead a Republican Party in the South are Democrats, and that in some Northern states potential Democratic politicians are often Republicans, is probably one of the major factors serving to perpetuate one-party rule.

The Nationalisation of Politics

THE political pattern in the Southern states constitutes a major deviation from the normal picture of political diversity reflecting class, ethnic, and religious differences. With the exception of a brief period in the 1890's when the Populists had strength, the South has been solidly Democratic in Presidential elections from the end of Reconstruction down to 1928. Since 1928 some Southern states have moved out of the Democratic camp in three elections, 1928, 1948, and 1952. These states, however, have remained Democratic on the state and local level. The 1928 defection reflected the resentment of a section of the Protestant, rural, and small-town South to the Democratic nomination of a Catholic and anti-prohibitionist, Al Smith. The two more recent deviations, however, illustrate the consequences of the nationalisation of American politics under Roosevelt and Truman: the more conservative sections of the South are rebelling against the ideological liberalism of the national party, which is for equal rights for Negroes, supports trade unions, and is hostile to big business.

The nationalisation of American politics referred to above is one of the major consequences of the New-Fair Deal Revolution. Parochial issues, issues which do not involve conventional left-right or foreign-policy differences, have been reduced in importance. And one finds that the effects of traditional religious, ethnic, and regional factors are also

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diminishing in importance, although still playing a rôle when foreign-policy issues are salient. In 1952 Eisenhower carried middle-class residential districts in the urban South with about the same majority as he took comparable districts in Northern urban centres. The majority of middle-class Catholics voted Republican in 1952 (a shift which was facilitated by the foreign-policy issues discussed earlier) while the bulk of working-class Catholics, especially those belonging to trade unions, remained Democratic. In large measure, such factors as occupational status, income, and class character of the district in which people live are probably more important now in distinguishing the support between the two major parties than at any period in American history since the Civil War.

The importance of class factors in accounting for the variations in the voting preferences of individuals and in the behaviour of the two major parties should not cause us to overlook the fact that in the United States, as in every other democratic country, a large minority of the workers and a smaller section of the middle classes deviate from the dominant class tendency. One of the necessary conditions for a viable two-party system is that both parties hover around the 50 per cent mark. Hence, in every industrialised country the conservative parties must successfully endeavour to win working-class support; and in the United States and Britain the Republican and Conservative Parties have found it necessary to accept many of the reforms enacted by their adversaries. A gradual shift to the left on the part of the conservatives is endemic in the sheer demography of democratic politics, since God made more poor people than rich ones.

The logic of the distribution of class populations also means that the conservatives must always attempt to reduce the saliency of class issues in politics. It is clearly to the advantage of the parties of the left for people to vote consciously in terms of class. Consequently, the Republicans always seek to emphasise non-class issues, such as military defence, foreign policy, corruption, and so forth.

The Undecided

PERHAPS the most important research contribution to the field of voting analysis in recent years has been the development by Paul Lazarsfeld, Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, of the panel technique. This method, which involves repeated interviewing of a sample of voters over an extended period of time, permits the researcher to locate those who have changed their attitudes and behaviour, and to try and specify the factors related to such changes. The results of a number of panel studies, combined with the much larger number of single-interview surveys, have increased our knowledge of the forces which affect the way in which a voter makes up his mind in a given election.

The studies completed by Professor Lazarsfeld and others at the Columbia Bureau of Applied Social Research have tended to emphasise "effective environment" (for every person lives in the midst of many environments) and "effective class status" (for many people have links with more than one class) as determinants of the vote. Most people who are undecided how to vote are usually not this way out of special thoughtfulness but as a reaction to conflicting norms that claim to apply to them. These cross-pressures originate in the fact that voters either live or work among individuals who have different opinions, or that they have a variety of statuses which operate to predispose them in different directions. For example, a wealthy individual would be predisposed to vote Republican, while a Catholic would ordinarily be Democratic. A wealthy Catholic, therefore, would be placed under cross-pressure, and consequently would be more likely to be ambivalent or change his mind than a poor Catholic or a wealthy Protestant. Similarly, a worker living in a middle-class district might be expected to be exposed to conflicting political stimuli.

Any factors which serve to create a politically homogeneous environment—i.e. which increases the extent to which an individual is exposed to attitudes and values which correspond to the political predispositions flowing

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from his social position—increase the likelihood that he will be a strong partisan. Thus, workers who are employed in large factories where they will associate mainly with their fellow workers are more likely to be Democrats than those working in small establishments in which they are likely to have some informal ties with a Republican employer. Similarly, workers in large cities are less likely to know middle-class individuals personally than those living in small communities, and therefore are more prone to be Democrats. Workers coming from working-class families give the Democrats a greater vote than those who come from middle-class parents. Workers belonging to church groups whose members are disproportionately poor and Democratic, such as the Catholics, are more Democratic than workers who are members of predominantly middle-class Protestant churches. Among the middle-classes, similar processes operate.

People who Change their Minds

THE view of the voting decision as a by-product of one's experience of various aspects of the social environment clearly does not do much to account for changes in the politics of that section of the electorate which shifts party allegiance from one election to another. These shifts are largely a response to issues and candidates, working upon the basic predispositions mentioned above. In the elections from 1936 to 1948 the Democrats had the advantage in terms of both candidates and issues. The candidates were always incumbents who were better known than their Republican rivals, and the salient issues of the election were either economic (eliminating depressions and raising standards of living) or foreign policy (support of the Western Allies). On these issues, the Republicans had the less popular position, or were regarded by many as less able to deal with the problem. In 1952, however, the Republicans had the advantage of "incumbency." Eisenhower was better known that Stevenson, and had proved himself in the eyes of the public in an important administrative job, the running of the Allied war effort. Prolonged prosperity had eliminated the economic issue, but it had been replaced by three issues on which the Democrats were weak and defensive, Communism, corruption in government, and the handling of the Korean and "cold" wars. Thus, many Democrats were torn in 1952 between their traditional party affiliation, their distrust of the party's actions on some of these problems, and their belief that Eisenhower was a better man for the presidency than Stevenson. Enough such Democrats shifted over to Eisenhower to elect him.

Periods of prolonged prosperity or depression may, of course, also change the behaviour of a whole section of the electorate by changing its status. So, in the past decades, a large part of the lower strata of the American population has bettered itself economically to the point where it has become part of the middle-class in terms of consumption, if not in terms of occupation. Many workers and a larger portion of the lower-middle class have moved to their own homes in the suburbs; and these suburbs are now citadels of the Republican Party.

Any discussion of factors affecting voting behaviour must obviously deal with the systematic efforts of parties and partisans to convince the electorate. Curiously, the results from the various election surveys are unclear on this score. Before 1948 the studies indicated that comparatively few votes were changed during the election campaign itself. Voters tended to listen to campaign speeches, and to attend campaign meetings, which agreed with their predispositions. If any action had the effect of changing votes, it was discussions with other persons, especially with "opinion leaders," i.e. associates who were both informed and opinionated. The 1948 campaign, however, suggested that, at least on this occasion, campaign strategy had an effect. Truman seemed clearly defeated early in the campaign, but he then undertook a "whistle-stop" tour in which he emphasised, time and again, such traditional Democratic issues as fear of depression, hostility to big business, etc. The evidence both from the national polls, and an intensive

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Columbia University study of voting in one community, indicated that this campaign had an effect. Democrats who had been shifting away from Truman came back to the party fold. In general, however, the overall impression of the sociologists' findings on campaign activity would suggest that these usually have little effect, as compared with overall changes in the social scene.

The Face of the Parties

THE current spirit of "moderation" which characterises American politics may seem to belie the thesis that class factors have become more crucial in distinguishing between the supporters of the two parties. There are two basic underlying processes which account for the shift toward the centre on the part of both parties. One, which has been stressed by many political commentators, is the prolonged prosperity and increase in the standard of living. It has been argued that the lower-class base to which the Democratic Party appeals is declining numerically, and hence the party cannot advocate reform measures if it desires to win. But as important, if not more important, than the change in economic conditions is the effect on the ideological "face" of the parties of being in or out of office.

The policies of the "out" party are largely set by its representatives in the House and Senate, who are always more conservative than a President of their party could be. A Democratic President is invariably to the left of the Democratic Congressional representatives, since he is basically elected by carrying the large urban industrial states, where the trade unions and the minority groups constitute the backbone of the party. Similarly, a Republican President under current conditions must always be to the left of his Congressional supporters, since he, too, must be oriented towards carrying or retaining the support of the more liberal sections of the country. Hence, when the Republicans hold the presidency, they move to the left as compared to their position in opposition, while the Democrats shifting from Presidential incumbency to Congressional opposition move to the right. This shift in rôle of the two parties produces a situation in which the policies of the parties often appear as almost indistinguishable.

The 1956 Campaign

WHAT conclusions can be drawn from these findings concerning the 1956 election? The election of 1956 should be a duplication of 1952. The Democrats still have the advantage of being the majority party, that is, more people identify with them than do with the Republicans, and tend to view the former as the party of the ordinary people, the latter as favourable to big business. But Eisenhower, as compared with any possible Democratic candidate, will have much more appeal. Nothing has happened under his administration to rid the mass of Americans of the belief that he is an able President. He is a known quantity as compared with an inexperienced Democrat. On issues, also, the Republicans have the advantage. The Democrats cannot point to any severe economic problems for any group except the farmers, and on the international scene conditions—at least on the surface—have improved since Eisenhower took office. (The Korean war, for instance, was regarded as a "Democratic" enterprise.) Americans are better off than they have ever been in history: more of them own homes, automobiles, television sets, labour-saving devices, and more are sending their children to universities than ever before. The dream of a comfortable middle-class existence is closer at hand for a larger proportion of the population than has been true at any time in any country. One would anticipate that all these factors will strengthen the Republicans. Unless there is a sudden economic recession or a visible decline in the President's health, it is as certain as such things can be that Dwight D. Eisenhower will be re-elected in 1956.

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Art's Distorting Mirror

ONE is constantly hearing it said—Mr. Anthony Cronin has been saying it lately in the columns of ENCOUNTER—that criticism is really tolerable only when written by a creative artist. If art criticism is in question, as likely as not a name will be introduced by way of illustration of what the critic ought to be—the name of Baudelaire.

It is easy to understand a prejudice in favour of the artist as critic; it is not so easy to see why it is Baudelaire who should almost inevitably be chosen as the supreme representative of the many great poets and novelists who have written about the plastic arts. Are his writings on art as far superior in quality as they are in reputation to those of Diderot, Stendhal, Zola, Huysmans, Proust, Rilke, Lawrence?

Certainly the difference in reputation is considerable, more so than might be expected since none of these writers—with perhaps one exception—is at present unfashionable. Their art criticism, none the less, is relatively little known. Baudelaire's writings about art, on the other hand, would seem, from their reputation, to be widely read. To examine that reputation, however, is to realise that they are not. For the tenor of things written in their praise suggests that they are generally known through a few extracts quoted out of context and requoted so often that the context has been forgotten and the reputation been built, as we shall see, on a curiously distorted idea of them. Here, for example, is a case which incidentally provides striking evidence of their unique prestige. This is to be found in the polyglot *History of Modern Painting* in three volumes published by Skira of Geneva. The third of these volumes is entitled *From Picasso to Surrealism*, the second *Munch, Matisse, Rouault*, the first *From Baudelaire to Bonnard*. Has any other critic's name been used, rather than that of a painter, to symbolise a moment in the history of painting itself? In a prefatory note, the publisher justifies this gesture:

> The point we wish to emphasise is that Baudelaire, first critic of modern painting, who sponsored with his prophetic pen the most daring aspirations of his contemporaries, inaugurated that fruitful collaboration between poets and painters which has meant so much to art. Mallarmé, Apollinaire, Max Jacob, and Eluard in turn have kept this fine tradition alive, and this is why we place our first volume under the ægis of a poet who was not only a friend of painters but one who, with the prescience of genius, discerned the course that modern painting was to take.

The error about Baudelaire's being the first important poet systematically to practise art criticism—Gautier anticipated him by a few years—is trivial. The error that matters is the notion that Baudelaire "sponsored . . . the most daring aspirations of his contemporaries" and "discerned the course that modern painting was to take." A further claim is made in the body of the book by the late Maurice Raynal, who writes that Baudelaire "foresaw and defined all modern sensibility, starting from 'romantic' æsthetics. 'What,' he asked, 'is pure art according to our modern conception? It is the creation of a suggestive magic containing at once the subject, the world outside the artist, and the artist himself.'" Here is one of the most familiar of those catch-phrases which have created the reputation. What is significant is that Baudelaire gets no further mention in the text of this book that bears his name. For

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it is only the catch-phrase that sustains the myth. To go beyond the catch-phrase is to see that Baudelaire was not the great prophet of modern art.

PROVOCATION to do this has been given recently by two publishing houses —a French one which has just issued the first illustrated edition in the original of the *Curiosités Esthétiques*,* and an English one which last autumn published, likewise with illustrations, under the title *The Mirror of Art*, the bulk of Baudelaire's art criticism in its first English translation.† Several reviews of the latter publication have served to show how the prestige of these writings tends to diminish when they are actually read. Such reactions will not have taken the volume's editor-translator by surprise: in his Introduction, Mr. Mayne refers to an essay by Philippe Rebeyrol, published in 1949 in *Les Temps Modernes*, which he describes as "a reaction from a modern devotion to Baudelaire no less fervent than was his own devotion to Delacroix."

The title of the essay is "Baudelaire et Manet." M. Rebeyrol begins by recalling the fame of the association between the poet-critic and the painter and links this up to Baudelaire's great reputation as the herald of a new age in art. But when we look at the texts, he goes on, we get something of a shock. In the entire body of Baudelaire's published critical writings, precisely one sentence —a laudatory sentence, to be sure, but still only one sentence — about Manet can be found. Beyond this, there is the quatrain on *Lola de Valence* which was pinned beside the picture when it was exhibited. This almost total silence of Baudelaire's about the art of Manet, his intimate friend, is explained by a sentence in one of his many letters to the painter: "*Vous n'êtes que le premier dans la décrépitude de votre art.*" It is clear that Baudelaire, the supposed prophet of modern art, saw the first of modern artists as a decadent. The letter went on: "I hope you will not be angry with me for treating you so unceremoniously. You are aware of my friendship for you."

The genuineness of that friendship was reflected in Baudelaire's desire for Manet's success, his readiness to help him achieve it. Thus, when a fellow-critic wrote a eulogy of Manet in which he nevertheless charged him with plagiarising the Spanish masters, Baudelaire refuted the charge in a letter which he invited his colleague to quote in print. Baudelaire was always ready to do everything he could to help his friend—everything short of writing an article or even a paragraph about his work. It was not that he thought Manet lacked talent. Far from it. But he felt that Manet's rapidity of execution and directness of vision were the signs of too lightweight an art.

M. Rebeyrol argues that this mistrust of Manet and his innovations was the result of Baudelaire's all-consuming allegiance to the art of Delacroix, his fixation on *le romantisme*. For Baudelaire, Delacroix was *the* perfect painter, *the* modern painter. Thus modernity spelt romanticism. And this prejudice constantly distorted and dimmed Baudelaire's instinctive eye for painting. Consequently, when he came to look for the artist whom he could claim had realised his ideal of "*l'héroisme de la vie moderne*," he turned, not, as he could have done, to Manet, but to Constantin Guys. He did this because, when it came to the point, he could not reconcile his idea of what great painting is with the matter-of-fact style of Manet or with any form of realism, which for him was the negation of art. So he chose, as his "*peintre de la modernité*," someone who had no pretensions to being *a great painter*, and who, at the same time, could be considered a stylistic successor to such 18th century artists as Gabriel de Saint-Aubin.

There is one point about the Manet-Baudelaire relationship that M. Rebeyrol omits to touch upon—the view of that relationship commonly held at the time. In his recent monograph on *Manet and his Critics*, George Heard Hamilton quotes at length from a curious piece in a contemporary satirical journal in which Manet is depicted before a judge and jury: the witness for the defence is Baudelaire. From this it is evident that in the public's eye Baudelaire was identi-

* *Curiosités Esthétiques* de Charles Baudelaire. Introduction et notes de Jean Adhémar. Paris: Editions de l'Œil. Frcs. 3600.

† *The Mirror of Art*. Critical Studies by Charles Baudelaire. Translated and edited with notes and illustrations by Jonathan Mayne. London: Phaidon Press. 18s. (The quotations from Baudelaire in the present article are given in Mr. Mayne's version.)

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fied with Manet's cause, whatever his reluctance to praise his work in print. This fact does not, however, invalidate M. Rebeyrol's argument, for he does not question either the sincerity of the poet's friendship for the painter or his belief in his talent. M. Rebeyrol's point is that, in spite of this, Baudelaire saw Manet as a decadent and that his view of Manet was merely an aspect of his delusion that, since Delacroix, painting in general had fallen into a state of decadence. This was why he had only a grudging admiration for Courbet—who, like Manet, was a personal friend—why he failed to appreciate Millet, why he did not perceive Daumier's greatness as a *painter*, why he underestimated Corot and Rousseau while giving high praise to such retrogressive landscape painters as Jadin, Clésinger, and Paul Huet, who supplied him with the romanticism he longed for.

And yet, M. Rebeyrol goes on, Baudelaire was the first critic to appreciate the genius of Boudin, precursor of the impressionism which was to crystallise all that he considered decadent in contemporary art—decadent because it eschewed the grand trappings of romanticism. It must be said that the great purple passage on Boudin's cloud-studies in "The Salon of 1859" presents Boudin as a romantic, but the fact remains that in discovering Boudin at this early date Baudelaire showed how good an eye he had. Only, it was an eye that was generally blinkered by prejudices, and because of these Baudelaire quite failed to see the point of the great revolution that was going on under his nose.

So much, then, for the legend of Baudelaire the prophet. But not quite. After all, M. Rebeyrol's argument is based entirely upon Baudelaire's inability to sympathise with realism and proto-impressionism, and it could be argued that the art which came after impressionism and reacted against it would have won his sympathy—in other words, that Baudelaire was the prophet not of the immediate future but of the distant future, and therefore all the more remarkable a prophet. It is not fortuitous that it is precisely in the 20th century that he has been acclaimed as a prophet. And it is certain that he, for his part, would have liked what is perhaps the most essential feature of 20th century art—its distaste for naturalism.

Can he therefore be considered the prophet of Matisse and Picasso, Rouault and Kandinsky? I do not think so, because naturalism was only one of the things he found decadent in the art that came after Delacroix: he also deplored the unfinished look, the sketchy look, that pictures were beginning to have. It is true that he admired the sketches of Delacroix and, later, Boudin's studies of clouds and waves. But he explicitly and firmly distinguished them from finished works of art. Thus he writes of "the gulf which separates a study from a picture," and praises Boudin for laying "no claim to be offering his notes as pictures. Later, no doubt," he goes on, "these prodigious enchantments of air and water will be displayed for us in finished paintings." And, a few pages before this, he has attacked Rousseau for falling into "that famous modern fault" of taking "a simple study for a composition." Clearly, he could only accept a sketchy technique in the context of a sketch; he was not prepared to tolerate it in a painting that called itself a picture. It follows that, if he would have liked 20th century painting for its not allowing the imagination to submit to the eye, he would have condemned it for its direct, summary, abrupt techniques. These, as much as realism, would have been for him a negation of art. For Baudelaire, great painting meant the kind of painting that looks right in a carved and gilded frame.

Mr. Mayne has an answer for all this. "When we call Baudelaire the 'father of modern art-criticism' or the 'first æsthetician of his age' we are referring not to his anticipation of any one of our particular judgments and fashionable cults; we are thinking of his whole approach to the art of art-criticism" and Mr. Mayne goes on to make a good case for considering Baudelaire as the "father of modern art-criticism" in this sense. Nevertheless, this is a smaller claim than has generally been made for Baudelaire during the last few decades. M. Rebeyrol has indisputably exploded a myth.

What is surprising is that nobody did so earlier. After all, the data were all there to be looked at. It is instructive to compare M. Rebeyrol's treatment of the Baudelaire-Manet relationship with that of John Rewald, in a book published in 1946, only three years before M. Rebeyrol's essay—the American edition of his *History of Impressionism*.

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Where M. Rebeyrol uses the facts to emphasise what Baudelaire did not do for Manet, M. Rewald uses the same facts to emphasise what Baudelaire did do for Manet. "Attracted by Manet's work," he writes, "Baudelaire did not take long to express his appreciation publicly. About one year after they met, in the fall of 1862, he published an article in which he lauded Manet for knowing how to unite with 'a decided taste for modern truth . . . a vivid and ample, sensitive, daring imagination without which all the other faculties are but servants without a master.' " We would suppose this, from the way M. Rewald introduces it, to be an extract from a whole study on Manet: in fact, it is the single sentence scornfully mentioned by M. Rebeyrol. Later, M. Rewald cites Baudelaire's letter about Manet and the Spanish masters. He tells us that this letter was addressed to "a critic of the poet's acquaintance, W. Bürger." This is quite a significant phrase, suggesting as it does that the critic in question, "a critic of the poet's acquaintance," was a person of no great consequence. M. Rewald, who is generally so prodigal of incidental information, does not bother to tell us that "W. Bürger" was the pseudonym of Théophile Thoré. And Thoré-Bürger is a person of some consequence in the controversy that M. Rebeyrol has started about Baudelaire since the publication of M. Rewald's book. For M. Rebeyrol's attack on Baudelaire has to be seen as part of a campaign to rehabilitate Thoré. Or so it seems, if the essay on Baudelaire is read in conjunction with one on Thoré published three years later in *The Burlington Magazine*.

The opening sentence proclaims the reason for M. Rebeyrol's veneration for Thoré. "The great art critics," he writes, "the ones who do not go wrong, are not the great writers or the great artists." *The ones who do not go wrong.* Baudelaire did go wrong. Thoré did not. The rightness of his judgments, by our standards, was extraordinary. He saw the point of Delacroix and of Ingres, of Courbet and Daumier, of Millet, of Georges Michel, of Manet and of Monet, of Renoir and Whistler. Nor was he taken in by such worthless painters as Baudelaire admired. He merely made the mistake of admiring Rousseau even more than he admired Corot. Incidentally, he was responsible for the rediscovery of Vermeer. Such was Thoré, "who in his youth," as M. Rebeyrol sums up, "had been the most rabid romantic, who then became the most revolutionary of realists, who alone among writers on art deserves the name of pre-Impressionist, who thus seems to have evolved along with his epoch by becoming the spokesman for all that was best in it at any particular moment. . . ." It was the author of these impassioned lines who had earlier exploded the myth of Baudelaire—Baudelaire, who, in contrast with Thoré, had begun as he ended, as "the most rabid romantic" and who failed pathetically to "evolve along with his epoch."

Grateful as we must be to M. Rebeyrol for reminding us of the facts and for reviving the reputation of a great art critic, I think that Mr. Mayne is right when he questions the legitimacy of attempting "to place a critic such as Baudelaire—or any critic, for that matter, who is also a creative artist—in accordance with a simple score-card of 'hits' and 'misses.' " M. Rebeyrol has already forestalled this objection by saying: "The great art critics, the ones who do not go wrong, are not the great writers or the great artists." But surely this statement contains a questionable premiss: "The great art critics, the ones who do not go wrong." We cannot ever be perfectly sure as to the rightness or wrongness of a given set of æsthetic judgments: we today may agree more with Thoré than with Baudelaire, but since there is no way of knowing how right we are, we cannot know how right Thoré was. Not so long ago we would have agreed not with Thoré but with Baudelaire on the subject of Millet, and even on that of Courbet. Nor can we be sure that Baudelaire was wrong about the now-forgotten artists he admired: after all, nobody thought a great deal of Piero or of Greco or of Watteau a hundred years after their deaths. It is therefore absurd to rate art critics according to their value as tipsters, because in art there is no way of being sure who was first past the post.

At the same time, I do not think we should give too much weight to the epistemological answer to M. Rebeyrol, however irrefutable it may be. It is easy to talk about the relativity of taste, but in practice the accumulated judgments of posterity do mean something, and, in so far as they do, Thoré was right more often than Baudelaire.

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The point I would like to make is that it is not terribly important whether an art critic does or does not "go wrong": I mean that even if the relative value of artists could be determined with as much certainty as the result of a race, it would still be beside the point to rank critics according to their reliability as tipsters. What matters is not how often the critic is right—the thing that matters for a *dealer*—but at what *level* he is right. And this is where Baudelaire surpasses Thoré, for if Thoré was never wrong, neither was he ever as right as Baudelaire could be. That is to say, Thoré, for all the soundness of his judgments, for all the accuracy of his understanding, never achieved passages as deeply illuminating as the best of Baudelaire. Thoré was a political journalist, Baudelaire was a poet: not surprisingly, there are flashes of genius in the poet's writings on art which make even the best of Thoré seem pedestrian. Sometimes the flashes derive from the sheer eloquence of the writing. At other times they derive—for the poet has a dual advantage over the journalist—from a depth of insight into the nature of art which can only be enjoyed by one who knows what it is to create works of art.

To make a deliberate point of looking for poetry during the conception of a picture is the surest means of not finding it. It must come without the artist's knowledge. It is the result of the art of painting itself; for it lies in the spectator's soul, and it is the mark of genius to awaken it there. Painting is only interesting in virtue of colour and form; it is no more like poetry than poetry is like painting—than the extent, I mean, to which poetry is able to awaken ideas of painting in the reader.

If Baudelaire writes criticism as only a great artist can, he also writes it as only an indifferent journalist can. In the first place he partakes of what Cyril Connolly has called "the chief fault . . . of all the bright young columnists of the time—a revolting sprightliness." Then he does not know how to cover up the traces of over-hasty composition and lack of revision, for he has a way of announcing his intention to discuss a particular point and, having digressed for a paragraph or two, forgetting all about it. Above all, he pads much too transparently. "The artist who has painted this can call himself a happy man, and he who is able to feast his eyes upon it every day may also call himself happy." I would like to see the art critic today, even in France, who would try and get this sort of thing past his editor. And it is not uncharacteristic. Most of *The Mirror of Art* is verbose and wearisome. But from time to time we come across passages of superb criticism—passages like the chapters on Romanticism and on Colour from "The Salon of 1846," or certain paragraphs on Delacroix, on Boudin, above all, perhaps, on Ingres.

His is a grudging, cruel, refractory, and suffering talent—a singular mixture of contrary qualities, all placed to the credit of Nature, and one whose strangeness is not among its least charms. He is Flemish in his execution, an individualist and a naturalist in his drawing, antique in his sympathies, and an idealist by reason.

To reconcile so many contraries is no meagre task; and so it is not without reason that, in order to display the sacred mysteries of his draughtsmanship, he has adopted an artificial system of lighting which serves to render his thought more clear—something similar to the sort of twilight in which a still sleepy Nature has a wan and raw appearance and in which the countryside reveals itself in a fantastic and striking guise.

A rather distinctive fact about M. Ingres' talent, and one which I believe has been overlooked, is that he is happier in dealing with female subjects. He depicts them as he sees them, for it would appear that he loves them too much to wish to change them; he fastens upon their slightest beauties with the keenness of a surgeon, he follows the gentlest sinuosities of their line with the humble devotion of a lover. His *Angélique*, his two *Odalisques*, and his portrait of Mme d'Haussonville are works of a deeply sensuous rapture. But we are never allowed to see any of these things except in a light which is almost frightening—it is neither the golden atmosphere in which the fields of the ideal lie bathed, nor yet the tranquil and measured light of the sublunar regions.

The critic who can write like this is entitled to go wrong. He remains a great critic whatever his inability to "evolve along with his epoch," can be forgiven if the mirror he holds up to art is often a distorting mirror.

BAUDELAIRE is by no means alone among the great critics in his failure to evolve. Among numerous others, Zola provides an example that is not without irony in the present context. Zola it was who wrote the essay on Manet which Manet might have

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expected Baudelaire to write. Yet he failed to perceive the greatness as a painter of the man who was his dearest friend. The pattern of Baudelaire's relationship to Delacroix and to Manet is precisely repeated, with the rôle of Delacroix now played by Manet and that of Manet by Cézanne.

It is not a mere accident of fate that Zola and Baudelaire, *qua* critics, failed to sympathise with the work of their intimate friends. The art which an artist finds most difficulty in liking and accepting is often precisely the art that is most closely akin to his own. And, as artists, Baudelaire and Zola find their counterparts amongst the painters in those friends whom, as critics, they rejected.

> Everybody in the world analyses in detail nowadays. I must react against this through the solid reaction of masses, of chapters, through the logic, the thrust of the chapters, succeeding each other like superimposed blocks; by the breath of passion, animating all, flowing from one end to another of the work.

These are Zola's words: substitute "forms" for "chapters," and we would suppose them to be Cézanne's. As to Baudelaire, it has often been pointed out that something of the flavour of his poems can be found in Manet, and in Courbet too. (The idea that a *correspondance* existed between his art and Manet's had become a critical commonplace even in his lifetime.) There is little doubt that the world of the *Fleurs du Mal* is closer to that of the *Olympia* or the *Femme au Perroquet* than to the world of the *Femmes d'Alger*.

Must we, then, conclude that the artist as critic, whatever his superiority to the mere journalist-critic or historian-critic as a luminary, suffers by comparison from a lack of flexibility? Decidedly not, for among the great art critics who are not poets or novelists, Thoré had a flexibility that is altogether exceptional. Ruskin, for instance, could not go beyond Turner to see the point of Whistler: imagine a devotee of Turner, of all people, accusing a painter of having "flung a pot of paint in the public's face"! Again, take the case of Mr. Berenson, who showed himself to be among the very first critics to perceive the magnitude of Cézanne when, in 1897 (!), he wrote of "the exquisite modelling of Cézanne, who gives the sky its tactile values as perfectly as Michelangelo has given them to the human figure," who then, ten years later, was among the very first critics to avow the greatness of Matisse, but who, to this day, is not prepared to allow the validity of cubism. Such examples could be multiplied to show that Thoré was almost unique among the great art critics in being able to take the next step. Other critics may elaborate and modify their ideas, but they never really go beyond an attitude to art crystallised early in their careers—an attitude determined by their love for the work of an artist or a group of artists which comes to represent their ideal of art. The critic is a Dante, for ever in love with the Beatrice he encountered in his youth. That encounter will remain a moment of illumination in the light of which he sees and judges all the past and all the future.

His Beatrice is not necessarily a single artist: she is more likely to be a period, a situation, a style. Baudelaire's true love was not so much Delacroix as *le romantisme*: writing about Delacroix was a vehicle for writing about his idea and ideal of romantic art—which perhaps explains Delacroix's embarrassment at some of his more extravagant incantations. In the same way, it was by approaching Ingres through the idea of romanticism that he arrived at that so subtly ambivalent evaluation of a painter for whom he felt the hatred that only goes with love, hating him for his efforts to sacrifice romanticism on the altar of Raphael, loving him for his being a romantic-in-spite-of-himself. And the insight which Baudelaire brought to uncovering the romantic in Ingres was born of his insight into romanticism—that is, into the mental climate of a certain moment in time. The critic who has been able to hold the mirror up to one moment in time and truly reflect what is there cannot, it seems, hope to do so at another time. After the first time, the mirror becomes a distorting mirror.

In a sense, it could be said that the mirror distorts the first time. It is obvious, for example, that what Baudelaire wrote about romanticism, or Delacroix, or Ingres is far from telling the whole truth—it is too partial, too slanted, it does not give a sane and rounded view. Yet it is a fact that great criticism does not usually reflect a sane and rounded view, for it seems that, as soon as criticism takes account of everything, it becomes unincisive, blurred—which truly *is* a

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form of distortion. The mirror of art distorts least when it reflects only something of what is there and reflects it with an intense clarity. And it seems that the greater the clarity is at one moment in time, the more grotesque will be the distortion when the same mirror is held up to another time.

The critic, needless to say, is usually loth to admit that this is almost inevitable. So it is that some critics try to keep abreast of the times although they do not evolve inwardly —perhaps out of good will, perhaps out of a desire to remain in the swim. But it is easy to see through them, easy to see where the real passion ends and duty or snobbishness takes over. The great critics—the Berensons, the Ruskins, the Zolas, the Baudelaires—do not deceive themselves in this way, remain faithful to their first vision of beauty. They pay the price by seeming to be wrong in the eyes of posterity, and also, perhaps—as Zola did, and as Baudelaire did—by snubbing their friends. Perhaps the wisest course for the critic is the one adopted by Félix Féneon, who wrote criticism for ten or fifteen years, and during the forty odd years that remained to him, bought pictures and sold them, but only wrote about them twice.

David Sylvester

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LONGMANS

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NOTES FROM A DIARY

European Prosperity

In my lifetime, there has been nothing to compare with the prosperity of Europe today.

One notices this particularly in Western Germany and still more in Vienna, if one was in those places immediately after the war. There, one notices also that the immense and striking material recovery has been accompanied by almost no corresponding spiritual one. The post-war era seems to demonstrate the paradox that it is easier today to kill the spiritual than the material. Towers of bricks and mortar miraculously climb the air again, but nearly everything that is written, painted, or composed seems stale and exhausted. At best it is a remote echo of what recently at the Aldeburgh Festival I heard M. Francis Poulenc describe—truthfully but perhaps inadvertently—as *la grande époque de 1917*.

Of course, Vienna has always been a great centre of hallucinations: music and song against the background of baroque architecture. But in the 1920's the architects of the socialist city set up workers' tenements that seemed attempts to rival the Hofburg and the Stefanskirche. And Karl Marx Hof and Goethe Hof against Graben and Ring, formed a background for the passions of the struggle between the Socialists and the fascist Heimwehr.

Today, politics are sensible and resigned, the music varies from the exquisite and the excellent of the operas at the Redouten Saal, the Haydn and Mozart Masses in the Hofkapelle, to the mostly rather banal performances at the rebuilt State Opera. There is almost no Communism, and the fascism of Stahremberg, Fey, and others, is dead as a forgotten waltz. The newspapers are extremely boring and the cafés, which were once centres of interested life, are being replaced by *Espressi* and their kind of life —as everywhere else. The Viennese live in the shadow of the great statue commemorating their "liberation" by the Russian armies, from whom they have also now been liberated. To them, the horrible dullness and misery of present-day Budapest is very close and very real. They are slightly nervous about the lifting of the Iron Curtain when they envisage people *from over there* actually going along the frontiers cutting the wires which physically form the barrier between East and West. They fear that if all the barbed wire were really removed there would be an influx of refugees into their city, swelling unemployment as never before.

The Phoney Boom

It is understandable if people in Vienna feel something unreal, phantasmal, threatening about this latest phase of their song and dance. Yet what we see there, as under a magnifying glass, is also, to a great extent true of ourselves. Perhaps what is unreal everywhere in Europe about the present situation is that whilst spiritually we are all set for the usual catastrophe we may actually be living in a Keynesian epoch of ever-increasing material expansion and over-employment. To this our creative talents cannot adjust themselves.

Back here, with the young, there is an insistence on a mood of catastrophe which may seem as little responsive to the actual contemporary scene as is the Austrian and German revival of past styles or of clichés of *avant-gardisme*.

Desert Islands

Amidst the rising tide of recovery and prosperity, a few desert islands, covered with washed-up wrecks of unemployment and Bohemia, are left. The inhabitants of these barren wastes are old age pensioners, very young writers (as yet undiscovered by the Sunday newspapers), artists who still await recognition from the Arts Council, and "badly hit" members of the middle class. Here the beachcombers sit painting the last Kitchen Sinks, acres of social realist landscapes, the rotting pastures of Notting Hill, totally unaware of the revolving flooding commerce of a new society of runabouts and television.

Recently the head of a famous art school told me of his bewilderment at the activities of some of his students on their vacations. Leaving their suburban homes, they entrain for Italy where, influenced by Guttuso, they paint pictures supposed to represent miserable villages, starving peasants. Their lack of curiosity about the real condition of the workers at Fiat's factory out-

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side Turin, or Pirelli at Milan, is total. Nor for that matter have they ever asked themselves what subject matter they would be confronted with if they went not to the wretchedest villages they can find in the South of Italy but to the main streets of Budapest or Prague.

And yet this concentration on a subject matter which, if it is supposed to represent the condition of contemporary Europe, describes a fictitious poverty, has fervour and passion, and is the most interesting work being done. To question its authenticity is perhaps to make the mistake of thinking its subject matter the same as that which after all formed the realistic background of the thirties—unemployment, terrible slums, the dole, etc. Of course, these evils still exist, but perhaps today the young who paint or describe them are really describing themselves. The "squalid" imagery of the thirties which was derived from photographed horrors of war and unemployment today provides symbols for the young artist's own life. What he is portraying is not "the workers" but the complete isolation, in a world of collectivised reconstruction, of the individualist faith and way of life of Bohemians. At the same time perhaps this symbolism—which is of his own predicament—also describes a spiritual impoverishment which reaches further than his attic. Perhaps what used to be physical unemployment has now shifted to another plane. As in the 19th century it is the upholders of *other values* who are unemployed.

Angry Young Man

Some such impression was made on me by John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger* at the Court Theatre. At first sight this play seems a Hard Luck story of Social Comment of a kind (Frozen to Death Shovelling Snow, Killed Under a Heap of Coal) made familiar by *New Writing* before the war. The scene is a garret, and as one watches Mr. Osborne's two young men lean back and unfold their newspapers, one automatically assumes them to be victims of the economic situation. Then one realises that the curtain only goes up on their Sundays. The rest of the week they are selling sweets at a stall. Their apparent poverty, in a world where the consumption of sweets is probably only equalled by that of petroleum, must be a *tour de force* of the Bohemian life, or perhaps of their being spiritual neighbours of Mr. Wyndham Lewis who seems to have cast a kind of spell over a part of London that strongly resembles their Midlands, turning the whole neighbourhood into houses consisting of nothing but cellars and garrets.

This play, with its beautiful rhetoric, is the nearest thing to true poetic drama we have had on the stage for many years. If one feels the anger is misdirected, to some extent incomprehensible, it is of the nature of anger to be confused. One might also think that the anger was about the fact that there is nothing in the particular situation of the play to be angry about. The characters are only poor because they are young. Directly the hero has written the flame and fury of a contemplated work he mentions in the course of his diatribes, he will be elevated to the "posh" Sunday newspapers or the weeklies, with other members of his generation who have puffed down their straw or red brick hovels to find themselves instantly transported to the highly-taxed luxury prison of a successful literary career.

Of course, there are things to be angry about: the incommensurability of our poetic aspirations with our world set headlong on the straight broad path of material Progress. In the latter half of this century we may find ourselves in the Uranium Rush that corresponds to the Gold Rush, and with the artists woebegone prophets like Ruskin and Carlyle, foretelling catastrophes postponed until the 21st century. And after all, the catastrophe may happen quite soon in our world of two futures—one future of everything for all, the other of total nothing.

On Being a Young Writer

Young writers can be greatly helped by the situation into which they are born, or—perhaps I should say—by their ability to dramatise their rôle in history. In this century, Pound and Eliot could see themselves as upholders of civilised values in the declining West. Yeats in his *Autobiographies* describes the pagan or esoteric or depraved behaviour which were the Masks of the poets of his time. In the 1930's there was the rôle of the artistic conscience become aware of its humanity to respond to the needs of the victims of that time. It is certainly difficult to see what kind of Mask could be twisted from a subtopian setting.

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Discussion

ULTRA-MODERN GREATS

Dons were never so donnish and the independent men of letters, those of them that are left, were never so much their critics as they are in England today. We, too, have our crisis of the university, not so far removed from that which lately threatened American universities. As the once vigorous and dominant world of the London clubs and the London reviews progressively declines, the organised institution takes over. The academy is doing more things than it has ever done before: it is on the way to becoming the only recognised organ of intellectual life. Plato's lonely grove of trees looks like swallowing up Athens itself.

It is natural and it is right that the spokesmen for the world at large should want to know what it is that the academics are doing with their time and privilege. Scientists and mathematicians are best left alone: they are too formidable, and they leave no doubt that they are in frightening contact with everyone's environment. It is different with the philologists, as the Germans call them, the historians, the classics, and the professors of language and literature. Everything they do is open to scrutiny and account, and so above all is the work of the philosophers. They are the thinkers, the professional thinkers. Surely the whole world is entitled to know what it is they are thinking and why. The problems of humanity, nothing less, are their concern, political, social, and intellectual. Are they really concerned about them, do they understand them, what have they got to say about them which is cogent, useful, and alive?

"Nothing," is the answer to this question given by Mr. Kristol in his pungent and penetrating review of *Philosophy, Politics and Society* (edited by the undersigned) published in this journal last month. Or perhaps not quite nothing, "A philosophy for Little England"—a whole complacency of platitudes for a nation settling down to inconsequence, a semi-philistine, insular suburbia. He is not the first to say hard things about the "linguistic philosophers" who have come to dominate the English academic school. For twenty years the literary journals have been shrill and sarcastic about the books of this sort which they have thought fit to notice at all. And he is not alone in taking this little collection of essays as a valuable example of the attitude he so much dislikes. It cannot be often that a set of reprinted articles gathered together for the undergraduate bookshelf gets so many valuable inches in the reviews.

If his judgment is a just one, there would seem to be little more that can be said. Since so many English philosophers do find linguistic analysis interesting and important, important to the exclusion of philosophising of any other sort, then we are faced with a crucial example of the impasse with which we began—the dons against the spokesmen of the outside world. The paid players have been batting against the gentlemen, and they have all been clean bowled, by an amateur attack.

But it is very unlikely that things will turn out to be as simple and satisfying as that. Mr. Kristol is fast and he is hostile, but he is not very accurate. To begin with he does not seem to be quite clear who and what it is he is attacking. The book he has singled out is not an exposition of contemporary philosophy at all: it is an examination, by example, of its implications for politics and society. If it is to the general philosophical method of Wittgenstein, Ayer, and Ryle that he is addressing himself, then it is their books that he should be examining, and it may surprise him to learn that none of these thinkers has ever written specifically on politics at all.

If he really wants to defend the unlikely thesis that contemporary philosophy is just one more ideology, an ideology for a nation in decline, he cannot expect to do it simply by assertion. Historically it is quite absurd: "logical positivism" has been with us for a full generation and it is the development of a tradition going back to the Greeks. It is odd to find him stating that "this book introduces us to a new kind of political philosopher" when it is clearly stated that the

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collection is intended to show why it is no longer possible to be a political philosopher at all.

In fact, as we shall see, it is his expectations which have led him to this judgment, and it is his expectations we shall have to criticise. Put simply and generally the question he must face is this: What makes you expect that there will always be an answer of a special sort, a philosophical answer, to the questions which you find important?

Perhaps it is because it can be claimed that such philosophical answers have always been available in the past. But even if this were true, it would be no proof that they are available at the present, if only the stupid, insensitive, irresponsible philosophers would get down and look for them. Nor is it strictly relevant to the case that the need for such answers is particularly urgent here and now. Why is it, the academic might go on, that you casual enquirers and professional worriers, always up to the minute but always a generation behind, cannot reconcile yourselves to the facts? For the facts are that a "philosophy" is no longer what it is taken for; it cannot be a total, streamlined response to the real world (whatever that may be). Philosophy and philosophers have changed, and you cannot change them back by calling the men in question complacent and dull. They may be, but they are not therefore asleep. The sleepers are those who start up so resentfully when the reality of the common intellectual situation is thrust upon them.

It is time to leave the over-detailed and the too general behind, and come to the present position of political philosophy, which is what our controversy should be about. Mr. Kristol raises a difficulty here, because he has been kind enough to place my own contribution to the volume safe above the surging tide of his invective, along with Professor Oakeshott's essay. It may be that one of his reasons for doing this is that we are the only two historians in the party, for he finds it intolerable that so many of the contributors are "poor at history." But he makes no comment on the Introduction to this book, which, or so I had hoped, presents an historical argument to explain the situation which he finds it impossible to accept.

This argument traced the disappearance from English philosophical enquiry of the "world view," or *Weltanschauung*, an ugly word in a dispute about Englishness, but probably indispensable. It was claimed that it was the *Weltanschauung* alone which raised the expectation that a philosophy should have a view of politics attached to it, and since it went down before the criticism of the linguistic philosophers, the concept of political philosophy as opposed to political and social theory had become an anachronism. But the argument did not stop there. It went on to suggest that "the philosopher of vulgar prejudice never really existed." By this was meant that the great names in the history of political thought, all the way from Plato to Rousseau and Marx, did not represent certain, established linkages between "our knowledge of the material world and the rights and wrongs of political decisions." Of Lockeian liberalism, the point of departure of English and American political theory, it was said that there "was no certain body of thought which relates the *Essay on Human Understanding* with the *Essay of Civil Government*."

Now if this is so, the present position is not so new as it may seem. What we are required to do is to reconcile ourselves not to a particular, but to a universal situation. But Mr. Kristol seems to be unwilling to do this. He wants to have restored to him an illusion which was still commonly held everywhere a generation ago, and for a very long time before that, but which was always an illusion. Old illusions do not satisfy, of course; he must have a new one. What he wants is ultra-modern greats, where a fresh system will be found to link politics, philosophy, and economics.

Someone must sit down and think out a new *Weltanschauung* suggested by our own contemporary knowledge of the material and the mental world, and find some probable way of attaching to it a justification of political and moral absolutes—"the Good Society and Justice and Political Morality" are those he seems to prefer. It must be done in the knowledge that those who really know what they know—the natural scientists of course—regard such systems of abstraction as at best a nuisance, at worst a hindrance and even a danger of the Lysenko sort. It must be done in the face of the fact that the perfectly abstract and certain system will have no contact whatsoever with the physical, the political, or any other world.

It must be done without Revelation, for the religious dogma so freely disposed to our predecessors is not available to us. It must be done in the knowledge that the "analytical philosophers" will pretty well certainly be able to reduce all the statements to triviality. And yet somewhere it must work in "political wisdom," even political events and facts of a more recent sort. Can we wonder why it is he whom I have called the dreamer, or why it is that no one comes forward to shield him in his satisfying slumber from the cold, hard, clear light of the mid-20th century?

When he has such expectations as these, can he wonder also why he looks upon the essays he reviewed as so alarming in their humility?

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I am sorry that he finds them even more timorous and hesitant than I suggested in my Introduction with all recent British philosophical work in mind, apart from that on the theory of knowledge. For I believe, with a growing body of philosophical as well as historical opinion, that the techniques which have been worked out should be used to build up newer and more effective political theories which could be used to answer the insistent questions of responsible citizens. It is unfortunate that in this sense the book under examination is already not quite up to date. But it is not without signs of what is about to come. If he had read the article on Plato with a little more sympathy, for example, he would have seen that the "anti-Platonic error" which he fastens on all the contributors, is one which Mr. Bambrough expressly repudiates.

But it is from the point of view of the Platonic error itself that Mr. Kristol has chosen to argue. He might be reminded that in doing so he may be allowing his terms to be chosen for him by others. There are people in the world who insist that a *Weltanschauung* is not only still possible, it is desirable and indispensable. The most formidable of them are the Marxists, the final inheritors of the neo-platonic idealism of Hegel. Those who accept such terms as these soon find themselves arguing that we need a "philosophy" of exactly the same disastrously constrictive type, simply in order to defend ourselves. There is no way out here. Our only possible course, inside and outside the university, is to accept the philosophical situation as it really is.

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IN DEFENCE OF BUTSKELLISM

IN A recent controversy in ENCOUNTER (April 1956) both Mr. Henry Fairlie and Mr. Roy Jenkins rejected Butskellism. In that respect, they have the entire British press on their side. As far as I can gather, I am unique in being prepared to assert that I am a Butskellite. I can understand why those who claim to represent the radical tradition in British politics should in theory if not in practice reject the compromise which this word expresses, but I cannot understand why a conservative should reject it. Odd as it seems, however, there are quarters in which such critics of Butskellism as Mr. Fairlie and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge pass, I imagine to their own disconcertment, as representatives of a tradition of philosophical conservatism. This is a gross misuse of language: they are in fact exponents of a brand of literary radicalism, equally destitute, I believe, of practical and intellectual content, which may earn a place in the history of British journalism but assuredly will not in the history of British politics.

English conservatism is an entirely different thing: it made its appearance as a mature political creed in the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke; it came into being in response to the French Revolution, and its present-day apostles start where Burke left off. To realise that is at once to identify them. The authentically conservative element—even if they do not so identify themselves—in the philosophical reaction against the Left in England since the war has been supplied by the enemies of the 18th century, the critics of what is now variously called Rationalism, Utopianism, or Political Messianism. Those who have followed this line most ably at a philosophical level among writers addressing themselves chiefly to a British audience are Mr. Michael Oakeshott, Mr. Isaiah Berlin, and Dr. J. B. Talmon. Mr. Oakeshott's inaugural lecture is a straightforward exposition of Burke, Mr. Berlin, in his celebrated series of broadcast lectures on the "Fate of Liberty," and Dr. Talmon in his *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* have been concerned to describe the fulfilment of Burke's prophecies. The result has been a corpus of political thought which resumes a tradition passing, in England, from Hooker through Halifax the Trimmer to Edmund Burke, and tailing off in Salisbury and Balfour (the omission of Disraeli is deliberate), and represented in Europe pre-eminently by Tocqueville.

The great point about this tradition is that its foundation is scepticism about politics—scepticism of the power of politics to achieve a perfect society, scepticism of the power of political activity to satisfy human needs, scepticism of the permanence and general validity of any principle of political action, scepticism above all of the idea that politics is a medium through which simple moral ideas, abstractly conceived, can be brought into practical effect. With this brand of sceptical conservatism, the various types of romantic traditionalism which flourish abroad have nothing to do; nothing is more remote

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from it than the writings of a de Bonald or a le Maistre. Such idolatry of history as the English have is strictly non-political.

THERE are—the statement has become a tired platitude—two ways of looking at politics: that which derives from the French Revolution starts from the assumption that politics is the art of applying general principles to particular situations, whether the principles are arrived at by *a priori* reasoning or are claimed as inductions from a scientific study of history. Those who hold this view may in practice be content to come to terms with circumstances, to postpone the realisation of Utopia or to pursue it indirectly, but they must regard such deviations only as inevitable and temporary evils. They cannot concede that compromise is part of the essence of politics; their mission is to impose rationality, to remove tensions, to achieve order. In trying to do these things—so the conservative criticism runs—they succeed only in establishing tyranny, a tyranny which springs necessarily from the failure to regard liberty as something which is in its nature partial.

This sort of sermon is today as often on the lips of the political intelligentsia as were the catch-phrases of progressive liberalism in the thirties; as a consequence, original sin has become almost as much of a panacea as proportional representation, and much useful space would be saved by always referring to it as O.S. Yet, the positive implications of this repudiation of the revolutionary and rationalist tradition have not, I think, even begun to be worked out. It is said that undergraduates at the London School of Economics are now in the habit of ending letters to each other with the concluding words of Mr. Oakeshott's inaugural lecture: the conventional form is said to be, "We live in the best possible of all worlds and everything in it is a necessary evil, including yours, etc.," but what precisely one does in politics in order to be like Burke and Mr. Oakeshott is still there and elsewhere a matter of hot debate. In practice, few thinkers belonging to this conservative revival have done more than demonstrate that, whether as a matter of empirical fact or of logical necessity, a certain type of political thinking deriving from 18th century rationalism produces unpleasant results. The task of putting Burke into more positive contemporary terms remains to be carried out systematically.

Positively, the conservative method is to start political thinking from the circumstances of a particular community, to recognise that political choices are restricted to a decision about which of a number of actual tendencies in society are to be fostered. To say this is not, I think, to say that the appeal to absolute ethical principles in politics is always wrong. At the root of almost every political judgment such a principle lies, but this is not a particularly helpful truism; the proposition that as many people as possible should be as happy as possible, or that people should be treated as equals in proportion as they are equal, or that liberty should be allowed where social ill does not arise from it—each of these propositions, for all the diversity of their intellectual origins, would be likely to be accepted by anyone engaged in political activity in England, and the trouble would only arise when these ethical principles began to be considered in relation to facts. It is still possible to believe in "laws writ in the hearts of men," laws which men affirm even while violating them, laws which can be carried into effect by a great variety of institutions, and laws which can be broken with a great variety of specious excuses. You may recognise that it is a man's duty to consult these laws in shaping his political actions, while also recognising that the conclusions he will reach will depend essentially on his reading of the circumstances.

IT IS the importance which attaches to these limiting and governing circumstances which distinguishes political conservatism in England. These circumstances do not only include what is generally described as "public opinion." Clearly, it is a maxim of ordinary prudence not to alienate all the people all the time. But these circumstances also include that substratum of habit which determines the ways in which, and the extent to which, people can be coerced. I think the distinction is more important than is commonly realised, since on many crucial points the public opinion of the British people is often in conflict with their private habits and morals. It is scarcely too much to say, for example, that in recent years public opinion in Britain has often been dominated by the idea that the pursuit of private gain is discreditable, but no one would suggest that average men have ever acted on this belief in their private dealings. To govern people at all it is necessary to understand the stimuli to which they react; half the conservative belief in tradition arises from the view that it is impossible to do this without paying some regard to history; the other half is compounded partly of the belief that old institutions are likely to embody some good as well as the interests of those who have derived a special advantage from upholding them, and partly from the belief that new institutions are likely to founder if they do not arise from actual social experience. There is also the conviction that, however rational new institutions may seem to be, they are just as likely as old ones to conceal anti-social interests or to express mere prejudices.

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All the way along the line, therefore, this preference for gradual and well-prepared change, for blending and reconciling traditions, for containing rather than trying to abolish tensions, rests largely on scepticism. This remains true even when the shorthand in which it is expressed relies, as in Burke it often does, on the language of mysticism. Needless to say, this brand of sceptical conservatism does not shrink from explaining, and up to a point justifying, the existence of radicalism. To adapt institutions to the needs of a changing society, needs arising from processes going on within that society and not at all originating in political decisions, means change and may, through negligence or the effects of some sudden revolution in knowledge and technique, mean rapid change. The notion that it is convenient to have a political party which exists specifically to promote change is not at all hostile to conservative thought. Almost inevitably, such a political party will talk the language of principle, omitting the qualifying clauses, and simplifying rather than complicating. Nothing is more inimical to action than a sense of the complexity of things. The radical temperament will therefore try to reduce the case for change to the simplest terms; since it is appealing away from the present and the past, it must appeal to some authority capable of judging them, and that authority will be moral principle.

Confronted by this phenomenon of radicalism, the need for which it admits, the conservative mind says that radicals are tolerable so long as in practice they acknowledge that their judgments are in fact relative to particular situations. It was natural to Cobden to preach the gospel of *laissez-faire* in the language of universal abstractions, and to claim permanent validity for its principles; clearly, however, Cobdenism is meaningless until it is seen as the creed of a merchant class belonging to a country which had no commercial rivals and whose economic future depended on risk and experiment. You cannot understand it until you see it in the setting of the Free Trade Hall of Manchester. If you please, you may say that the Socialist heirs to this Liberal tradition in the late 19th and 20th centuries were merely engaged in translating a body of permanent principles into new and suitable terms, but this is to play with words, not to write history. To write history you must substitute Transport House for the Free Trade Hall, and you will see the Radical in both his incarnations as having only one mission, the discovery and expression of legitimate discontents, the forensic duty of stating the case against the established order. Because of the moderating influence of English conservatism, England never became either an entirely capitalist or an entirely socialist country; because of the practical scepticism of English radicals, radicalism never became soured or fixed in a groove. In France, where radicals are serious, there is a species of radicalism for every phase in French political history; radicals of one age are never wholly absorbed in those of the next. In Britain, where radicalism is opportunistic, the Liberals wear the Whigs' clothes to perfection and hand them on to the Fabians.

This essential opportunism of English radicals can be seen at work not only in the history of parties but also in that of individuals. Joseph Chamberlain, a radical accommodating himself in the Conservative Party as radicals comfortably can, Lloyd George, and Aneurin Bevan are all types of the opportunist, and it is no discredit to them to say so. They take their briefs from destiny, and it is only political convention which requires them to use the language of Mount Sinai. Radicalism must discover discontent where it is real and honest, must express it, must be content to see its achievements absorbed and to pass on to its next commission. If it fails in these demands it must become either academic or venomous or both in succession. There are times when there is nothing legitimate or even nothing practical for it to do, and at such times the Radical Party must perforce keep its banners flying while not seriously attempting to disrupt the existing order of society. This particularly difficult rôle usually falls to it immediately after a period of achievement. It is the easier for it in England to face this task because the Radical Party is never entirely radical, indeed because genuine radicals are often distributed in unequal proportions between both main parties. By this means, English radicals have been kept conscious of the fact that they are part of a process, not the controllers of the whole political process.

It is clear that if this reading of the way British politics works is true, we must reconcile ourselves to something which political columnists will call a "conspiracy," a general understanding, that is to say, on the part of politicians that it is a good thing to avoid civil war. I will go so far as to concede to Mr. A. J. P. Taylor and Mr. Henry Fairlie that this deplorable conspiracy results not merely from the Gulf Stream but from the relative homogeneity of the English political classes, from the fact that so many of their members have been through fundamentally similar experiences, like going to public schools or down mines. It is of course one of the perennial functions of radicalism, and one of its healthier functions, to try and import new elements into the political classes, and serious radicals go about this in earnest as did the founders of the *Westminster Review*, or later on

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of the London School of Economics. The readiness with which these new élites, as it is fashionable to call them, get absorbed, the essential "clubbability" both of the privileged and the *parvenu* in England, and the relative gradualness of the process of social change, all help to keep this homogeneity going and to maintain the conspiracy against bloodshed which it produces.

In this way, at least, the English conservative interprets and justifies the working of British politics. It seems to me evident that there is a connection between the present state of British politics on the one hand and the revival of the sceptical philosophy of conservatism on the other. It is the nature of all political communities to want incompatible objects simultaneously, but the incompatibilities have never been so marked as they have been in the last ten years. The task of every government has been to reconcile full employment with free trade unionism and low prices; on the hedonistic view that men can only be controlled by the prospect of gain or the fear of loss, the task is impossible. A true radical might say that the correct course was to point out the incompatibility of these demands and force the people to make a choice. This is what Mr. Muggeridge would do if he were Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such a radical would come out either in favour of disinflation and unemployment, or in favour of the official control of wages. In the first case, he would permanently alienate one half of the British electorate and probably provoke a general strike, in the second, he would permanently alienate rather more than a half. Mr. Muggeridge as usual is inspired by a desire to alienate all, which is, of course, æsthetically more satisfying.

Radicalism needs a principle and a discontented class whose interests find expression in that principle. Where is the principle and where is the class? There is discontent in abundance but it cuts across every possible political combination. The radicalism which Mr. Fairlie offers us neither proposes a principle nor makes contact at any point with any known body of human beings. It relies upon an alleged genius for conflict in the British people, deduced from the fact that they beheaded Charles I and that a score of people were once killed in a riot which came to be called the Peterloo Massacre (19th century France had four revolutions); it announces that the middle classes are "effete" (in spite of the fact that their main preoccupation now is how to prevent the working classes from becoming unnecessary), and it mysteriously suggests that they may be superseded without indicating by whom. There are, unhappily, in England no sturdy, romantic peasant radicals, with long shaggy beards and all the traditional and progressive virtues rolled into one, to drive out the effete businessmen, the tortuous lawyers, and the hide-bound trade unionists who get on so well together that it is possible for radical journalism to group them all under the comprehensive category of "Old Etonians." All the speculative builders, barrow-boys, and other enterprising people who could not appear in Mr. Somerset Maugham's novels hardly form when taken together the material for a new political class. The truth is that Mr. Fairlie's radicalism is a hoax.

With Mr. Muggeridge and Mr. Fairlie excluded, and Mr. Bevan engaged in the innocuous pursuit of keeping the banners flying, there is really no alternative to the established order. The incompatibilities in the demands of the public must be accepted, managed, and gradually worn down according to the methods of English conservatism as practised, consciously or unconsciously, by both political parties. This is "Butskellism"; it would have had the approval of Burke.

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BOOKS

The Craft so Long to Learn

THE International Congress of the P.E.N. took place here in London last month for the first time for fifteen years, and amongst other appropriate offerings comes this excellent symposium* under the editorship of Mr. John Lehmann—an attempt to assess English literary trends and achievements since the publication of *Scrutinies* in the early thirties. Mr. J. I. M. Stewart writes on Biography; Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones on The Personal Story; Mr. Francis Wyndham and Mr. Philip Toynbee on the Novel; Mr. Roy Fuller and Mr. G. S. Fraser on Poetry (this is an inelegant catalogue, I confess, but one of those blatantly artful paragraphs with all the contributors dotted about in dependent clauses would be even less bearable); Mr. T. C. Worsley on the Theatre; Mr. L. D. Lerner and Mr. Paul Bloomfield on "New" and "Bloomsbury" Criticism respectively; Miss C. V. Wedgwood, History; Mr. Maurice Cranston, Philosophy; Mr. Erik de Mauny, Translation. But it is by no means the worthy, tame, suet-and-soundness collection that those drearily forbidding capitals might suggest: the writers have on the whole aimed at the provocative rather than the comprehensive, they ride hobbies, there are the sort of gaps and overlappings to be expected when a wise editor gives a distinguished gathering of individualists more or less free hands.

A minority of the essays, from the less adventurous or perhaps merely less ruthless spirits, are admittedly of the familiar "bird's-eye view of writer-land" type. This can always be done competently, or more than competently, but at the higher levels it is inevitably a self-defeating form. It is like making up an invitation-list for a party to which you wish to invite, yes, your dearest friends, but also all those excellent bores whose own invitations you yourself have in the past been improvident enough to accept. Mr. A., the critic thinks, is a marvellous writer, he speaks with the tongues of angels and not to the ear but the heart, and would he could devote the whole of his six thousand words to him! Mr. B., on the other hand, he cannot read; Mr. B. is dull and false, and far too successful; but he has size and weight, he is well thought of by the Sunday papers, by that "middle class" amusingly specified by Mr. Lehmann as able to "see through the specious appeal of four best-sellers out of five" (though whether his irony extends to the fifth best-seller or to the remaining fifth of the perception, I cannot quite determine): so Mr. B., if the unfortunate critic is to be socially serious, conscientious, responsible—i.e. frivolous, treacherous, and irresponsible to his own purely personal and private vision, but that cannot be wholly avoided if one is to assume a public function—; Mr. B. cannot be allotted less than five hundred. And Mr. C., of course, another five hundred. D., E., and F., a thousand between them. And Messrs. G.-Z. the sort of blatantly artful "including paragraph" already referred to. So that by the time the honest and nervous critic is finished, the invitation-list is all bores and blackguards and he has to telephone quietly to his true friends warning them to steer clear at all costs. It is easier to point this danger out than to avoid it; but for the most part the "guide-book" contributors have made a thoroughly workmanlike job of it and avoided the more meretricious *longueurs* of the official hand-out.

AMONGST those whose assignments left them more scope for heel-kicking, I would note particularly:

Mr. Pryce-Jones's funny and unfair portrait of the middle-aged "writer" about to embark upon his autobiography:

> *. . . Modelling himself on Mr. E. M. Forster he finally decided to cultivate personal relationships, and carved out enough of them to promote three or four creditable novels and*

* *The Craft of Letters in England*. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. The Cresset Press. 21s.

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one divorce narrowly averted. The war of 1939 saved him from debt, and a slight knowledge of German from danger. Since being demobilised from one of the more secret parts of the Home Counties he has worked in Portland Place (once, Ovid-like, exiled for a year to Bush House) and consolidated a reputation the basis of which has already been forgotten by everyone. . . .

Mr. Toynbee's acute and penetrating analysis of the future of the novel; with which it is nevertheless possible to disagree entirely—applying to it Mr. Fraser's conclusion on the prospects of poetry:

It is on the language, and not on any definite foreseeable system of ideas, that the major poet, when he comes, will build.

—a credo which seems to me profound essentially by its refusal to believe more than can be believed or to say more than can be said. Mr. Toynbee, after drawing a very careful, and just, distinction between *engagement* (in the Sartre-*Humanité* sense) and *concern*, concludes:

Now and in the immediate future it seems to me that some kind of intimate concern for the present situation of ourselves, our neighbours, and our society, must be felt by the serious novelist. To write today in the spirit of Firbank would be a literary offence, for it could not be done without triviality.

And Mr. Lehmann in his introduction regards it as a point of common agreement that

we have reached a historical moment when it is impossible not to write about the human condition in our time; that all serious writers now are deeply concerned about problems of belief.

But "could not" and "impossible" are not phrases to be used in these contexts: the major novelist, "when he comes," will do the impossible at once, and that will be one good way of recognising him—though it will have, of course, no need to be the particular "impossible" under discussion. Further, both these critics seem to be falling into the naïveté of confusing seriousness with the long face, belief with the prayerful *œillades* of the pensive pamphleteer. "Problems of belief" may express themselves through a *The Flower beneath the Foot* as well as through the more direct media of a Faulkner, Lawrence, or Mauriac.

MR. FRASER writes about "The Poet and his Medium," and the title is significant: he is concerned, not so much with what poets in the past twenty-five years have done, as with the language they do it in and where they sell it afterwards. He speaks for the producer, not the consumer; and it is a most welcome feature of *The Craft of Letters in England* that he should merely represent a majority in doing so —it is only the exceptional contributor who betrays that wooden unawareness of the livingness, the inconsequence, the humanity of works of art, which has disfigured so much criticism of the present century; that unawareness which proceeds only from the "consumer critic" who has neither the experience of personal creation nor the equipment with which to imagine it. Mr. Fraser, in the course of a gentle but subtle rumination which is one of the best things in the book, shows very clearly that "letters" are an organism not an artefact:

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquerynge,
The dredful joye—

Chaucer spoke it of love, but he meant it of letters also.

With Mr. Lerner's article on the New Criticism I quarrel pretty sharply, and he seems to me also one of the minority of whom I have just spoken: those for whom the work of art is more a *fait accompli* than (what, if it truly lives, it is) a *fait faisant*, and the "Craft of Letters" on the whole a naval object, some sort of a Ship of Fools, a *Navis Stultorum*. Mr. Lerner would, I fancy, consider this estimate of him a neutral description rather than an adverse criticism. The critic, he holds, is none the worse for lack of first-hand creative experience:

"Pay no attention," wrote Ezra Pound, "to the criticism of men who have never themselves written a notable work." If you look at the great critics of the past, you see that this view is obviously true: Sidney, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge, and Arnold were all poets. When we turn to this century the difference is striking: Bradley, Middleton Murry, Richards, Leavis, and a large number of Americans, who have published neither novels nor poetry, are so obviously critics of distinction that one can only conclude that something new must have happened to criticism. . . .

Is it? Are they? Can one? What makes a man "obviously a critic of distinction"? A large output, a consistent tone, a devoted caucus? Is the distinction more obvious than that of certain Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers, once equally prolific, definite, and authoritative, now only names or nameless? Shall we replace Mr. Lerner's 19th century critics by the names Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt (critics first and almost last), and his 20th century ones by Eliot, Graves,

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Franco and the University . . .

. . . is the title of the latest issue of the bulletin published by the International Committee on Science and Freedom. In this issue we have tried to analyse the deeper causes of the recent disturbances in the Spanish Universities which have shaken the *Caudillo* and given the rest of us new hope for the future of Spain. Contributors include Salvador de Madariaga, Fernando Valera (Minister in the Spanish Government in Exile), Enrique Gironella and others in close touch with developments in Spain.

The Committee on Science and Freedom, sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, exists to promote academic freedom. Copies of the Committee's bulletin are obtainable, free of charge, from **The Secretary, Lime Cottage, 818 Wilmslow Road, Manchester, 20, England.**

and Empson, and see what his "something new" looks like under those circumstances? Is not what makes Lamb, Hunt, and Hazlitt "critics of obvious distinction," the fact that they write so well that their criticisms are themselves creative pieces of language qualifying for Mr. Pound's requirements of "notable works"? Is not this what includes Bradley in as a critic of distinction and includes, say, Mr. Leavis, not to mention "a large number of Americans," out? In Mr. Bloomfield's "The Bloomsbury Tradition in Literary Criticism," an article in most ways complementing Mr. Lerner's, he says:

> *The way things are said—style—has a bearing on what is said, just as manners have on what is done.*

Both halves of the simile apply with force to many of the pundits of the New Criticism—though Mr. Lerner's literary manners (I hasten to add) are impeccable.

Mr. Lerner has also the saving grace in a critic of being eminently clear: one may object, but one's mind is clarified, not confused, by the act of objection. Thus he makes a valuable working distinction between four types or functions of criticism: the social, the pragmatic, the practical, the theoretical.

> *By the pragmatic function I mean a guide to the actual practice of writing. The Elizabethans used to write handbooks like George Gascoigne's "Certain Notes," aiming to "lend you instructions towards the making of English verse or rhyme." No reputable critic would do this today; and we cannot help smiling at Gascoigne's advice "to help you a little with rhyme, work thus: when you have set down your first verse, take the last word thereof and count o'er all the words of the self-same sound by order of the alphabet."*

If "we" cannot help smiling, I am afraid it is because "we" have never tried to compose rhyming verses. This is a perfect example of the unhealthy divorce between the critical and the practically creative faculties—the "wooden unawareness" of which I was speaking. Almost all rhymers follow Gascoigne's excellent practice. That is, unless they are fortunate enough to possess Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary* (a post-Gascoigne invention)—a piece of contemporary advice at which Mr. Lerner will doubtless grin broadly or even laugh his head off, quoting perhaps whoever-it-was's dictum that "when a born rhymer pens one word, immediately there flash into his head all the legitimate rhymes to it in the language!" Perhaps. And yet Byron (and who, if not he, a born rhymer?) used "Walker" constantly, and many of the most startling

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felicities in *Don Juan* are derived from the odd juxtapositions to be found in him.

THESE are only desultory reflections on a compendium of remarkably high standard throughout—perhaps the best general guide at present available to the contemporary literary scene. But I must bring them to an end swiftly. My ration is exhausted; and I have just read, in Mr. Bloomfield:

> *The critics who have to write to live write reviews, but as they feel it would destroy them to behave as if their whole duty was—as Mr. Woolf maintained—"to give the reader a description of a book and an estimate of its quality," they do something more. They assert their personalities and mix in some criticism, and a strange brew the more inept ones make of it.*

Domine defende nos!

Hilary Corke

SOCIALISM WITHOUT SOCIALISTS

IN HIS recent book, *De La Souveraineté*, M. Bertrand de Jouvenel makes an important point about the "objectivity" of modern moral and political philosophy. The idea of justice, he suggests, once referred back to the human effort to behave justly. Justice was a mode of the human will; and he quotes from Justinian's Institutes: "Justice is the firm and constant will to give to each his right." In the contemporary world, however, justice has become a state of affairs. It no longer indicates to men a certain way of behaving, but some kind of pattern of social arrangements. Where it was once thought that justice in men would make for just social relations, it is now taken for granted that just social relations will produce justice among men. Justice, in other words, has become independent of the existence of the just. It has become customary to think of a "just social order" that would exist by virtue of its own logic and regardless of mere human intentions.

This attempt to achieve ideals without benefit of idealism or idealists is so fundamental an aspect of social theory in our epoch, it is so much with us, that its oddity passes unnoticed. No one thinks it at all strange that scholars should devise plans for universal peace on the assumption that mankind will remain as belligerent as ever. And there are innumerable economists who are busy figuring out ways to make the free-enterprise system work among people who have no taste for enterprise and little more for freedom. But it is in present-day socialism that the paradox is perhaps most striking, for here we have no simple intellectual exercise but an ambitious and dynamic movement; and the most interesting fact about this socialist movement is that there are hardly any socialists in it—nor is their presence thought to be either necessary or desirable.

Of course, in the beginning there *were* socialists. They are now noticed in the history books as the "utopians," because they were so naïve as to think that in order to have a socialist society you had to have socialists to inhabit it, and they therefore passed their time persuading people to become socialists. Modern socialism is "scientific," which is to say that it makes no such outrageous demand on human nature: its better world will come into existence without the help of better men. Scientific socialism goes back to Marx but has flourished largely on a misinterpretation and vulgarisation of his doctrines. It is true that Marx found the key to the ideal future in various "laws" governing the evolution of society; but, as well as being a Marxist, he was also a neo-Hegelian who thought of history as a unilinear process wherein the souls of men had been enlarged and purified —his "better men" were, he thought, being born out of the very calamities that shocked and disgusted him. This Hegelian element in Marxism has been preserved in only a few quaint Communist sects. Socialism as a whole has postponed all spiritual reforms until after the social order has been perfected. First things first. . . .

IT IS therefore a pleasant surprise to discover that there are, after all, socialists who have survived the socialist movement, and that their ideas are thought to be of sufficiently general interest to be distributed in the form of a Penguin book.* *Twentieth Century Socialism* presents the views of the group within the Labour Party known as Socialist Union, who also publish a thoughtful monthly, *Socialist Commentary*. They are a small group and neither of their leading spokesmen, Mrs. Rita Hinden and Mr. Allan Flanders, is ever likely to become a national political figure. Modesty is clearly one of the socialist virtues they prize, though they are too modest to mention it. Socialist Union is not a faction in the usual sense of the term, and

* *Twentieth Century Socialism*. By SOCIALIST UNION. Penguin. 2s. 6d.

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is so far from lusting after power that many in the Labour Party look upon it with that suspicion one reserves for the unknown and inexplicable. They are generally classified as "right-wing," apparently because they are so excessively moral, so scrupulous in their judgments, so worried about the tendency of politics (including socialist politics) to debase people and institutions, so insistent upon the need to match means to ends. In fact, they are neither "right" nor "left," for these are categories within that political "realism" they would protest against. If they are friendly to Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, it is not because of any coincidence of opinions but because they regard him as a reasonable person who, faced with the problem of marrying socialist ideals and material realities, is not likely to have recourse to the shotgun. And if they are hostile to the Bevanite wing, it is because they feel that this wing has substituted for socialist values a set of economic and political dogmas which it would apply with a mechanical fanaticism.

The book takes as its point of departure Keir Hardie's statement that socialism is "at bottom a question of ethics or morals" and "has mainly to do with the relationships which should exist between a man and his fellows." The authors, in their preface, describe their book as "a study in applied ethics—socialist ethics applied to the sphere of economic organisation." Their more specific proposals of how such institutions as the modern factory should be informed with the ideals of liberty, fraternity, and equality are never quite specific enough, and their moral earnestness far outstrips their sociological insight. But that does not really matter. The whole weight of the book's argument does not rest on its often vague, always tentative programme, but on the criteria it establishes by which one should judge any programme. These criteria are the familiar trinity of liberty, equality, fraternity. What *is* unfamiliar is that of all the three, fraternity should at last get its due.

Fraternity has always seemed to me to be the characteristic and defining ideal of socialism. Liberty it must share with others—liberals and conservatives alike—whose concern is no less profound and genuine. Equality is somewhat less universal in its appeal; but recent history has reminded us that the affinity, marked by the ancient Greeks, between tyranny and equality has not weakened with the centuries, and so as an ideal it has become a bit problematic. Of fraternity as an ultimate political value, socialism can—at any rate once could—claim a near monopoly. The authors of *Twentieth Century Socialism* hold doggedly on to it, obstinately sceptical of all bureaucratic and doctrinaire solutions—including the conventional socialist ones—to social problems. For they know, what everyone seems to have forgotten: that socialism is, in the last analysis, more of the spirit than of the flesh.

It is extraordinary how radical and original one can be simply by returning to first principles. All the platitudes of socialist rhetoric rise from the dead, once the socialist ethic is taken seriously. Thus, on equality, *Twentieth Century Socialism* has this to say:

> *"What socialists value are all those opportunities which enable people to live in freedom and fellowship, which enrich the content of life and put the quality into equality. To ignore these ideals, to consider equality in isolation from them, is to open ourselves to the charge that socialists have no care for individuality and the graciousness of life, but are concerned only with the mechanical sharing out of what is."*

That is something that badly needed saying, particularly by socialists. And the book is full of such novel orthodoxies. The view that takes "material betterment" as the sole measure of economic progress is flatly rejected; the authors are candidly uncertain that people will *have* more under socialism than under capitalism, but they do believe that people will *be* happier—*if* they are socialists, one must quickly add. Where the tone of socialism today is predominantly resentful, acquisitive, demanding, the authors speak with the calm conviction that if ideals are not to be transformed into convenient ideologies, they must also weigh heavily upon the idealist:

> *"Socialism can no longer make new conquests simply by demanding rights; it must also ask from everyone his share of obligations. . . . Obligations are accepted when people feel identified with the community, not rebels against it; when they care about its welfare and know that their contribution counts. This community feeling cannot be achieved only by changing the state; society must be changed as well. Society is a network of loyalties which bind people to each other and make each feel responsible for something more than his own advantage. These are the loyalties which have to be strengthened, if the fabric of a socialist society is to be woven."*

Old hat? I suppose it is. But how nice to see it back in fashion.

HAVING said all this, I must add that I do not think these socialists are going to have much influence on modern socialism—precisely because they are socialists. As the "conscience of the party" they may be listened to, but they

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will not be heard. Socialism is no longer "utopian," no longer an evangelical, quasi-religious movement for the reformation of man and society. As was doubtless inevitable, it became a prisoner of the world it sought to save. Socialism is now Big Politics; it now seeks not converts but followers. It is one of the numerous post-liberal ideologies, their programmes becoming ever more indistinct from one another, which seek to establish control of the state and run things in a more "orderly" way than hitherto. They may dispossess, but they will not disestablish: economic security and material abundance remain their divinities, a universal suburbia their promised land. "We are all socialists now"—which is only another way of saying that none of us is. Socialism has become one of the ways of organising a mass industrial society, or of quickly building up a mass industrial society. Its goal of material prosperity should not be difficult to reach—the achievements of modern technology are such that, sooner or later, one is bound to get there. (And if one gets there later, it is nevertheless hard to prove that it was possible to get there more quickly by any other way.) Liberty it may or may not cherish, depending on national traditions and political capacity. The old inequalities will be eliminated; the new ones will take a while to be recognised as such. Fraternity will be forgotten: people will be too busy working and buying and "enjoying themselves." And all the time governments will be busy defending their "vital interests." It needn't be a bad world; but neither is there any reason to think it will be a better one.

Irving Kristol

NEW NOVELS

THE educated public and, indeed, the semi-educated public seem yearly to grow more sophisticated, to demand a higher standard of competence, a neater "finish" to the goods they buy. To no commodity do they apply their demands more rigorously than to entertainment; spurred on by competition, the entertainers respond. This is to be seen most clearly in the fiction market. In all but the lowest levels of fiction, the standard of competence and sophistication has so risen that the middlebrow novelist of yesterday would hardly satisfy at all, and many "serious" novelists would seem middlebrow. Such competence and sophistication, however, are like a flat-iron, on all but a few writers they impose a smooth, dead surface that for all its "finish" is ultimately more depressing than the mixture of genuine personality and comic naïveté or clumsiness that marked the ordinary novel of thirty years ago. This is peculiarly true, I think, of the better novels of today where the public has remained comparatively small and competition is high. It is now only novels of marked idiosyncracy, of special sociological interest or exotic flavour, or first novels where the "corners" have not yet been rubbed off that can stimulate the jaded palate. Such a situation kills a great deal of individual talent, converting simplicity into "talent," but it can also stimulate a talented author into exceptional effort. Some very good novels have been produced in this way. Mr. William Cooper's new novel, *Disquiet and Peace*,* is one of them.

Mr. Cooper's three previous novels dealt with modern provincial life. It was a world which he clearly understood very well. They were all novels of great interest, funny, and skilfully composed, but there was always, I thought, a certain slickness, a touch of "smart alecky" about them which destroyed the real vein of personal poetry that was clearly latent in them and it is this vein of personal poetry that in the last word makes any novel considerable. In his new novel Mr. Cooper has deliberately chosen an unfamiliar time and theme and, contrary to what would seem probable, he has liberated his imagination in the hard discipline of unfamiliar material. The scene of the novel is Liberal high society in 1906. It must have been a very difficult novel to compose. Mr. Cooper, I imagine, soaked himself very deeply in the literature of the period in order to wear his learning so lightly. For the triumph of the novel is that it has no touch of pastiche, no touch of "scrapbook for 1906" about it. The period detail is there at the high society baccarat table, in the Boldonis and the balloon enthusiasts, Edwardian "Monte," the décors of mimosa and of freesias in pots; yet never, except perhaps in the slightly BBC clop-clop of the brougham in the first chapter, does "period" obtrude. It is there, as it should be, only in the personal and social ethics of the characters: they are the ethics of a social world that is desperately tight lacing because it knows that it is bursting out of its seams and is yet also desperately trying to appear negligently at ease. Mr. Cooper has chosen his central theme carefully and well. Arnold Brown, the promising, no longer quite young Liberal politician,

* *Disquiet and Peace*. By WILLIAM COOPER. Macmillan. 15s.

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at last sees cabinet rank within his grasp and loses it because of his wife's caprices. Muriel—the triumph in character-drawing of the book—is a young woman of immense charm and distinction who walks the tightrope of sanity in an agony of melancholy, hilarity, and insomnia. At this critical moment of her husband's career she breaks one of her moods of melancholy by an impish accusation that a pompous industrialist is cheating at baccarat. The gesture saves her toppling sanity, it is also a true accusation, but the industrialist is giving a large donation to the Liberal Party funds. It is in this sense an "unsuitable" gesture. Arnold stands by his wife and sacrifices his career. All, however, to no avail, for she "bolts" with a dashing cousin. It is only gradually that Arnold learns that his sacrificing possessiveness is the key to the failure of his marriage and his life. The happy compromise of marriage and career with which the book ends might have seemed a trifle strained in less able hands than Mr. Cooper's, but Arnold and Muriel so wholly engage the sympathy and their parents make so real a moral background to the story that the "lesson" of the novel entirely convinces. A brilliant social parable, in which the parable never for a moment obtrudes to disturb the novel's imaginative force.

UNLIKE Mr. Cooper, Mr. Irwin Shaw has stuck to his competence and succumbed to nullity. Many of Mr. Shaw's short stories have shown insight and an imagination powerfully suggestive by what it held in reserve. There has always perhaps been a touch of that negative efficiency which comes upon *New Yorker* writers. It would be unfair to blame the failure of *Lucy Crown** upon *The New Yorker*, however, for Mr. Shaw in all but a few passages sinks to the level of an average successful "psychological" film. Tony Crown, a thirteen-year-old son of a successful businessman, is recovering from a serious illness at a Vermont seaside resort. He catches his adoring mother, Lucy, in adultery with the tutor and tells his father. Unfortunately Mr. Crown, in his unhappiness, fails to give Tony the love he needs at so traumatic a moment. As a result Tony grows up embittered in a clever way and alienated from his parents. Mr. Crown has brought the adultery upon himself, Lucy revenges herself by sticking to unfaithfulness, and Mr. Crown becomes a cheap, loud, sentimental American major. He is killed in the war. Years later Tony, still embittered but living in Paris, meets his mother again and they visit the father's grave. Mr. Crown for some reason has become in their minds and in Mr. Shaw's the average decent American whom their clever bitterness destroyed and they visit his grave in an effort to lay his ghost. Mr. Shaw never puts a foot wrong in conjuring up atmosphere and in certain scenes, notably the last shaming meeting of Tony and his father, he breaks through the crust of competence to really touch the emotions. Nevertheless he seldom seemed to me to be really engaged in what he wrote and the consequent sense of contrivance is all too completely conveyed to the reader.

MR. DAVID STACTON* has less technique and a good deal less knowledge of human emotions. In his story of the mother-fixated San Francisco gangster who builds himself an eyrie mountain mansion on the Sierra Nevada cliff-side he goes all out for "psychology." Unfortunately I could not for a moment believe in the gangster Barocco, who for all his manic ruthlessness is intended to compel our love because in his "bigness" he was only a lonely child. Less still could I believe in his fierce old mother keeping herself alive in an ambulance by her will to reach his eagle's nest, and foul it for ever by her ghostly brooding. Mr. Stacton's novel, one feels, could be as successful a film as Mr. Shaw's but it would be a successful bad film.

After Mr. Cooper's triumphant victory over his own competence and Mr. Shaw's defeat, we turn to the other hopeful strand of modern fiction—the exotic. I do not, of course, mean the consciously exotic which is a depressing dead branch, but the naturally exotic. The two other novels under review are of that peculiarly interesting group—the stories of far-off people whose problems are at the centre of modern politics. It is not simply that Tunis, the setting of Mr. Memmi's *The Pillar of Salt*,† and Basutoland, the country of Mr. Mopeli-Paulus's *Turn to the Dark*,‡ are potential storm centres on which every journalist must have his eye cocked. The heroes of these two novels are the tragic heroes of today: men broken in the wider conflicts of race and culture.

The hero of *The Pillar of Salt* is a young Tunis Jew of a family poor but a little above ghetto level. His intellectual brilliance wins him a place as philosophy teacher at the university. In the process of what is not so much a climb as an ascent by natural superiority, he is

* *Lucy Crown*. By IRWIN SHAW. Jonathan Cape. 15s.

* *The Self-Educated*. By DAVID STACTON. Faber and Faber. 15s.

† *The Pillar of Salt*. By ALBERT MEMMI. Elek Books. 15s.

‡ *Turn to the Dark*. By A. S. MOPELI-PAULUS and M. BASNER. Jonathan Cape. 16s.

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AUGUST 1955

THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS
Herbert Luthy

IN DEFENCE OF RADICALISM
Stuart Hampshire

THE SOVIET CRISIS
Colin Clark

★

NOVEMBER 1955

A MARVELLOUS DECADE (II)
Isaiah Berlin

U AND NON-U
A. S. C. Ross

THE FUTURE OF PROSPERITY
Hugh Gaitskell

★

DECEMBER 1955

AN OPEN LETTER TO NANCY MITFORD
Evelyn Waugh

USUALLY DESTROYED
Aldous Huxley

A MARVELLOUS DECADE (III)
Isaiah Berlin

MARCH 1956

SHADE THOSE LAURELS
Cyril Connolly

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER
Randolph Churchill

A GENIUS FOR COMPROMISE?
Roy Jenkins & Henry Fairlie

★

APRIL 1956

ON BEING A CABINET MINISTER
Patrick Gordon Walker

A MASSACRE OF AUTHORS
Anthony Cronin

HIC ET ILLE
W. H. Auden

★

MAY 1956

MORE ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS
Edmund Wilson

A MARVELLOUS DECADE (IV)
Isaiah Berlin

THE YOUNGER GENERATION
Mark Abrams and others

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left rootless, unable to fit in with French or Europeanised Jew alike, finding no place for himself or his people in the Arab independence movement, preserving only a wounded sensitivity, a proud shyness, and an isolating intellectual integrity. He tries under the German occupation to reach his roots again by voluntarily going to a concentration camp, but he only learns that no self-conscious gesture can undo the exile of his education. He is left at the end a stranger in his native town whose only triumph can be an existentialist willed refusal of the life his superior intellect can claim for him. Mr. Memmi has constructed his dilemma beautifully and he succeeds in making his touchy, prickly hero not only respectable but lovable. Unfortunately in his attention to the book's total statement he has neglected to prune the parts and there are long passages of distracting and lifeless detail.

Mr. Mopeli-Paulus, assisted by Mrs. Miriam Basner, writes of a mission-trained Basuto boy who returns to his native village and forsakes Christian culture in order to help his chief in keeping the tribe together. He is led by a well-told series of events to acquiescence in a ritual murder. *Turn to the Dark*, if no more than a well-told story on the artistic level, is a wholly absorbing, sympathetic, and convincing picture of the present African tragedy.

Angus Wilson

QUESTIONS OF TIME

IN THIS centenary year of Sigmund Freud's birth I suggest that psychologists set themselves a practical task: to devise some means whereby the human mind can be set free from the effects of the crude teaching of history necessary to infancy. The names of sovereigns and of great movements and the numbers of centuries are an indispensable aid to our first footsteps in learning, but later in life we need to be deconditioned (if that is the word) from reliance on those crutches. Otherwise. . . . In 1453 the last Byzantine Emperor died and the Roman Empire came to an end, so that as the Ottomans walked into Constantinople by one gate, Greek scholars walked out by another and went to Italy where they started up the Renaissance a week or so later. Queen Anne died in 1714 and full brown wigs and Queen Anne furniture were put away to be replaced instantly by Georgian dress, Georgian furniture and houses, and Sir Robert Walpole's point of view. William IV's reign terminated in 1837 and everything from crinolines to the prevailing morality was Victorian from then on till 1901. . . . We claim to have a more intelligent grasp of man's progress on this planet, but that is how most of us think of it in unguarded moments. Pending a rescue from psychiatry, the two books* under review may help to make historical gradualism a little more evident than usual to general readers.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book is likely to become the classic on its neglected theme. His title and a picture of the mentally defective Squire Osbaldestone on the jacket may give an idea of a nice woolly nostalgic browsing exercise with which readers of *Country Life* and *The Shooting Times* may fuddle themselves of a long evening, but the book itself is nothing of this kind; on the contrary, it is a very interesting and valuable (even if slightly misleading) contribution to sociology. Here is the history of squires, from the first one to appear in classic English literature to Lord Chaplin (whom I can remember when he was a man of eighty with dyed hair, an immovable eyeglass, and a ceaseless smile). It is a long stretch with great changes. When Chaucer described the young man "with lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse" as a squire, he meant something quite different from what affectionate countrymen meant when they called Osbaldestone and Henry Chaplin "the Squire" in the 19th century. Something resembling these later squires began to emerge at the end of the 15th century, and came into something like its own during the reigns of the Tudors. In the 17th century the evolution of squires entered the final phases, and these beings have remained an essential part of the English scene. With singular originality and courage the author shows that Shakespeare's Justice Shallow was not the ass his creator thought but an early example of the model country gentleman, and he takes his part, or rather Sir Thomas Lucy's, against the prince of poets. (I remain an anti-Lucean.)

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has a romantic streak which sometimes, I think, interferes with his judgment. He is not a Gothic revivalist, however, and his pictures of country-house life in the late Middle Ages and in Tudor times im-

* *The Squire and his Relations*. By ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. Cassell. 42s. *Before Victoria*. By MURIEL JAEGER. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

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press the reader with their excellent and harsh realism. But romance sweeps in with Charles I, and though the author never argues the claims of Charles to be considered a selfless and thwarted benefactor of the humbler classes under his rule, we are given to understand that that well-painted tragedian was just such a man. Parliamentarists are given short shrift, and Hampden is dismissed as a "political wrecker." This ardent attachment, justifiable or not, to the good old cause cannot, in spite of its extremism, seriously embarrass Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's history, because the discords of the Parliamentary struggle and the Civil War did not seriously affect the fate of squirearchy. (It is interesting to remember that Wilton House was mainly built under the Commonwealth.) It is more arguable that Mr. Wingfield-Stratford allows his predilection for squires in general to lead him into giving a somewhat too pleasing account of squirearchy in the golden age which he rightly and incontrovertibly assigns to the 18th century. This is not to say that he shirks any issue or suppresses any of the darker facts of the case, but he gives a kindly summing-up. At the moment when "landed gentry" is a fashionable term of abuse in the jargon of political propaganda and cheap learning, it may be well that someone of education should draw attention to the great enrichment of England effected by the "landed interest" during the Whig heyday, and also to the fact that the squirearchical paternalism of the countryside in those times was to the taste of most people concerned; but I can imagine that another view of the scene could be drawn with equal force and equal justice. I doubt if this is the last word, but it is certainly a word that every sociologist should read.

WHERE most squireophils are most sentimental, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is commendably dry-eyed and shows no sign at all of romantic leanings. Those aforementioned readers of *Country Life* and *The Shooting Times*, and let me add *The Field* (now alas no longer subtitled "The Country Gentleman's Weekly Newspaper") who may have been tempted to buy this book by the seductive portrait of Osbaldestone on the jacket, will be grievously disappointed, if not actively disgusted, by the author's attitude to sport. He seems to consider that the worst thing that happened to squires was their athleticisation: their gradual abandonment, at the end of the 18th century, of the rôle of agricultural pioneer for the easier and more popular one of sporting leader and hero. The villain of the story is Peter Beckford. I must confess that I have never read this famous squire's famous *Thoughts on Hunting*, but the quotations from these thoughts given by Mr. Wingfield-Stratford are enough to turn the strongest stomach. I have for long had the suspicion that the real impulse behind blood-sport is bloody. Beckford had little settled public opinion to guide him, and in his book he showed himself as a man with an utterly merciless cruelty to animals in his composition, such as to anger his unsqueamish contemporaries when the "Thoughts" were published. In his successors, cruelty to certain animals has always been and remains obscured by maudlin affection for others. Mr. Wingate-Stratford's point is that from Beckford's time onward the squire must needs hunt and shoot to the neglect of his higher calling, so that by the mid-19th century, in the author's opinion, he had degenerated from his once great position into a big schoolboy, of whom Osbaldestone was the supreme type. This is the moment to consider Miss Jaeger's book.

It is eminently readable and deals with the change of manners from the 1780's to the accession of the Queen. It is really the story of the rise of Evangelicalism and the theme was once put into a single memorable sentence by Mr. G. M. Young. Speaking of the state of things in 1837 he said: "The Evangelical discipline, secularised as respectability, was the strongest binding force in a nation which without it might have broken up, as it had already broken loose." What Miss Jaeger sets herself to do is to trace the progress of the binding force from the moment when the breaking-loose began. She has a stern footnote on Lytton Strachey but her book suffers from too Stracheyan a tone. She does not go deep enough down into her fascinating period, and seems too sceptical and disdainful, too much occupied with its absurdity, to be able to do so. It is very easy to laugh at Hannah More who repels modern taste. Whatever I read about or by her makes me glad I live in a separate age to hers and cannot meet her here, but the fact remains that she was profoundly loved and admired by her contemporaries, and not only the foolish ones. I think one could only find out why this was so by studying Puritanism and the effect on it of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. This Miss Jaeger has clearly not done. Her book would have been better perhaps if she could have abandoned all thought of Victoria and Victorianism, for they put her eye off-target. Her subject is really, though she may not have recognised it, the second spring of the Puritan genius. From various sources (which Gladstone confessed himself unable to identify in full) this second spring rose up during the 18th century, and at the turn of the century Puritanism was again on the scene, with all its horror and much of its greatness, and it strove for the soul of England against the violent hedonism born first of the

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aggrandising and then of the epic years. What sealed the victory of the new Puritans was not, I believe, Victoria's accession but the meteoric impact on England from outside of Albert the Good. At the end of her book Miss Jaeger somewhat misleads her readers by falling into the habit to which I drew attention earlier: that of thinking in terms of separate time-blocks. Lord Melbourne and Peacock were by no means the last of the 18th century. The hunting and shooting squires, who were largely untouched by the essentially middle-class and urban character of Evangelicalism, went on with it till the end of King Edward's reign, beyond that indeed. I am not sure that many of them are not going on with it now. This is the place to return to Mr. Wingfield-Stratford and Sir Tatton Sykes.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER was much revered in his time and after as the model of all squires, better than his contemporary Osbaldestone though without the latter's glamorous lunacy. He deserved what men said of him, if the athletic squire is to be accorded reverence. He personally hunted a "country" in Yorkshire which today, with modern transport and so on, is hunted by three different packs of hounds. He occupied a position in the North not unlike that of the late Lord Lonsdale throughout sporting England before World War Two, and I think the "Yellow Earl" modelled himself to some extent on "Tat." They wore exactly the same shape of whisker. Great-grandpapa was a merry old soul and he is still much esteemed in the East Riding. It is said that historians repeat each other too freely. The real trouble, I think, is that they add too much to each other. Historian A says that George IV was fat; B says George IV was so fat that he walked with difficulty; C says that George IV had asthma from fatness and lack of exercise because he was unable to walk; D says George IV was condemned by his fatness and asthma to spend most of his life gasping in a chair, and when he tried to walk had to be pushed by several courtiers through any door in Windsor or Carlton House. I fear that Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has been guilty of this weakness, and in the case of my ancestor I am the "historian" to whom he has added. The worst thing about Sir Tatton was his cruelty to his sons. I said this in my "history," but I did not say that he was a species of landed Squeers, and that is the accusation which has been appended to my own. I may have misled sociologists, for I must own to having only shown, in what I wrote, Tat's bad side, a thing which appears to the fore when working on a biographical sketch of his son. In truth he was 18th century not only in the imbecile fox-hunting Regency sense, but also in being an authentic agriculturist. He continued the work of his father in enclosing wold land and bringing it into cultivation for the first time, and his agricultural prowess appears in another way. His elder son (my grandfather) reacted strongly against his early sporting environment and he never hunted or shot in his adult life, but he had learned husbandry from his father and he became one of the most notable agriculturists in the North. He was not only a first-rate breeder but a pioneer in the shamefully neglected field of labourers' dwellings. As a postscript to this Tatton-paragraph I should add that my great-grandfather was not the total boor Mr. Wingfield-Stratford makes out, and that though he liked to act the bumpkin he was not a stranger to cultivation of the mind. He committed an intolerable folly in breaking up his brother's collection of books and pictures (through pique it appears), but he liked music and played well on the organ. So much for my family quarrel with Mr. Wingfield-Stratford. To the conclusion.

I have rarely read a book of social history that I have enjoyed more than this one. I am left with two questions to ask. When the author talks about the nations of the continent "tearing out each others entrails" during the 19th century, is he not exaggerating the sum total of the revolutions and the wars? I suggest that the English peace, (so much preserved because revolutionary ardour was diverted to Evangelical enthusiasm, a point Miss Jaeger might have been more conscious of), was not an isolated peace but part of a general reaction from great wars. My second question is to do with land-hunger. Whoever studies the political or sociological history of any other country but England meets the problem of land-hunger early on. It was and remains a live question in Ireland where the good old English squire never made his effect: he had to become a Parnell or a Carson or a Henry Wilson, and could never become a Squire Western or a Mr. Allworthy, and could have no Tom Jones to go with him. In the matter of land-hunger, Ireland conforms with Europe and the world. Why does England not do so? Did the Whig magnates break this passion? Gray's lines about a "village Hampden" ring distant with us, for all our Welfare-State social conscience. But if the Whig magnates did it, and thus gave it to the squire to fill a vacuum, why did they succeed where every other magnate failed? I do not know, and hope Mr. Wingfield-Stratford will tell us. I am sure he can.

Christopher Sykes

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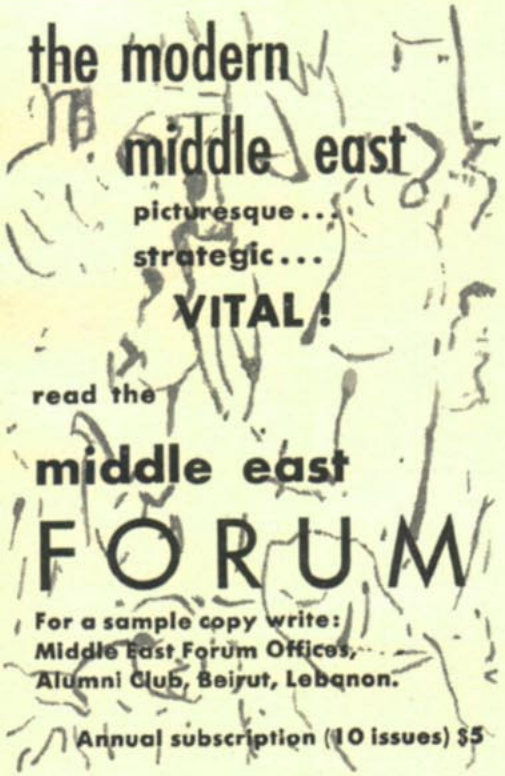

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